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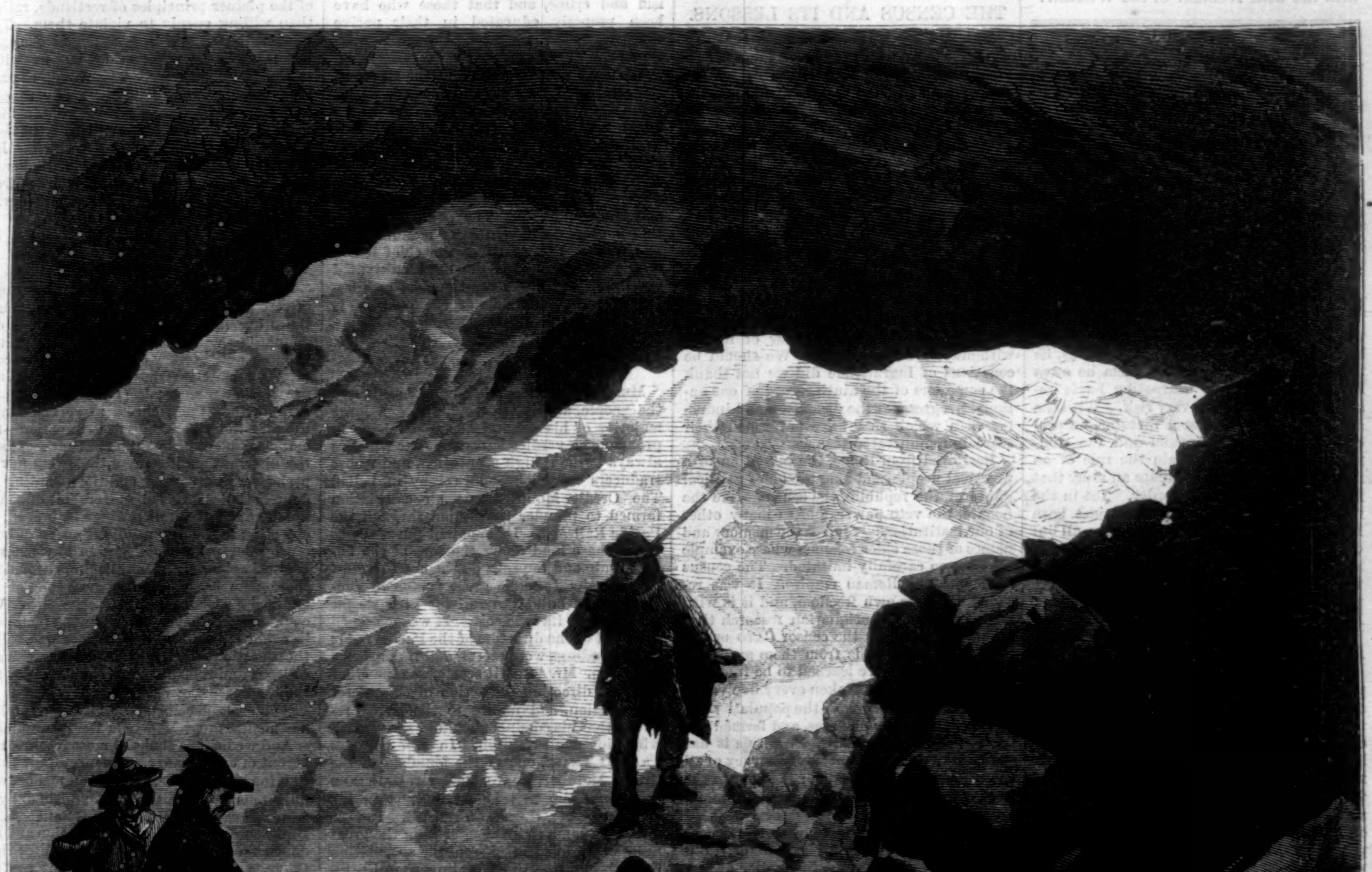
CAPTAIN JACK'S CAVE.

Captain Jack's stronghold in the lava beds, of which we give an interior view on this page, is one of the most perfect naturally formed fortresses it is possible to conceive of, and unless with overpowering numbers and considerable allowance of time, it could not be taken. As it was, less than fifty Modocs held at bay about six hundred regular soldiers, and it is believed that had it not been for the mortars they would have kept the place. In the first hollow on the west of Captain Jack's cave the long ridge of rock on the right has been rent in two along its whole length, and the Modocs could pass along it under perfect cover, with embrasures or holes from which they could fire with entire safety. In these rents are small niches and caves, where the Indians could live and sleep in security. In this hollow were the wigwams of twigs and mats where the women and children lived. In the foreground may be seen where the rock has separated and fallen over, leaving a passage along which the Modocs could pass as in a regularly made trench.

This now celebrated cave is nearly in the centre of the lava beds, and at the highest part of them. It has the appearance of having been a crater. There are many round-shaped hollows in this central part, but none of them afford shelter like this one. Toward the south it extends about fifteen or twenty feet. A mass of stones has fallen down, and they form the rough stair which leads to what was the Modoc chief's head-quarters. There are masses of rock all round the inside; and bones and hides, with pieces of meat and fish in a "high" condition, are littered about. In the centre is the fire of sage-bush, which grows large and plentiful, and whose stems supply an ample amount of fuel. Around this men, women, and children gather, and keep close to it; for the Indian says, "White man make large fire, and sit far back; Indian make small fire, and sit near." In fact, they lie right over a smouldering log, and the old women become sore in the eyes from this custom. They get a supply of meat, or when they kill an animal they hang the meat up in strips, either in their caves or in the wigwam, and will keep it for months before using it. Their mode of cookery is to place these pieces of meat on the ashes of their fire. A correspondent saw one old Modoc woman in camp with a large, nasty-looking piece of black stuff, holding it by one end while the other was being cooked. She ate the cooked portion, holding it still in her hand in the same way. Crickets and grasshoppers are a favorite article of diet with some of these Indians, and they use a good many roots. The wokus, or seed of a kind of water-lily, is also used largely by them.

It was in this stronghold that Captain Jack and his band of warriors took refuge after the treacherous murder of General Canby and the Rev. Dr. Thomas, which forms the subject of the illustration given on page 548. The circumstances of this cruel act of treachery, which filled the whole country with horror, are too well known to be recapitulated here. Captain Jack doubtless thought to strike terror into the hearts of the white men, and by one bold *coup de guerre* compel them to relinquish the war, and little dreamed it might lead to the extinction of his people as a tribe.



THE MODOC WAR—CAPTAIN JACK'S CAVE IN THE LAVA BEDS.

THE LOYAL KNIGHT.

SANS PEUR ET SANS REPROCHE.

What in my love doth make him dear?
All that in him I see:
The manliest soul, the gentlest heart,
That here on earth may be.

To what is law and truth he holds
A high fidelity;
His conscience as a shield he bears;
His honor as a sword he wears;
God's loyal knight is he.

And so I needs must love my love,
Since for these is he dear:
An honest heart, a manly soul,
Without reproach or fear.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 28, 1873.

☞ With this Number of Harper's Weekly our readers will receive gratuitously a beautifully illustrated

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

in which will be found another installment of Lord Lytton's new Novel, "The Parisians;" also an intensely interesting illustrated story, and other pictorial and literary attractions of the very highest order.

An illustrated Eight-page Supplement will also be sent out gratuitously with the next Number of the Weekly.

M'MAHON'S USURPATION.

Marshal M'Mahon's address to the French Assembly repeats all the dull and dangerous platitudes that were employed to defend their usurpations by the two Napoleons, and by every oppressor of his country. He seems conscious that the people have had no share in his election: his only aim, he declares, is to maintain the authority of the Assembly. In the reorganization of the army he sees the only road to the future greatness of France; his only conception of national eminence is a military one; and he utters no indistinct menace against that liberal party which he thinks the chief peril to the peace of France and of Europe. To the Assembly, which the French people have repudiated in a series of elections, he proclaims his allegiance; to them he owes his power, and their usurpation he is resolved to maintain at every risk. With the authority of a self-chosen dictator, he proclaims himself the sentinel and the commander, resolute to sustain the rule of an illegal Assembly, and to create an army that may enforce the reign of order. Yet in the most recent election, which has just been held at Lyons, the people have chosen all but one of the radical candidates, and the ominous murmurs of an enraged nation might well startle the priests and the princes of whom M'Mahon is the willing instrument. It is from them that he has learned the feeble argument with which he defends his defiance of the popular will.

But we are confident that the French people have learned that a large army, princes, and courts are what they least need, and that the order produced by despotism is often worse than anarchy. For two years at least France has remained passive under a republican government. Its trade has revived; it has paid an enormous contribution; its people are anxious for education, civil and religious freedom, equality, and peace. The keen intellect of Gambetta, always eager to learn, has made rapid strides since the fall of Paris. He may well educate his countrymen in lessons they have never learned before, and teach them the true glory of nations. One firm and daring intellect might yet save France. One pure and honest patriot, should he appear, might readily lead on the whole people. Nor is it impossible that Gambetta may yet attain the honor of saving his country. Like his friend and correspondent, Castelar, Gambetta has no easy task to enter upon. The destinies of freedom in France and Spain rest upon the success of the two young and ardent patriots. Both are honest and unselfish, are poor, and content with honorable poverty, are the enemies of the priests and the idols of their countrymen. Against both the party of reaction, the policy of Rome, the Bourbons, and the Napoleonists aim their secret plots; and the usurpation of M'Mahon is a menace to Spain as well as to France. If the French republic fall, there will be no sure refuge nor hope for Castelar.

Vain, hot-headed, unlearned, impetuous, M'Mahon, too, has entered upon a career in which he may meet with an overthrow more lasting than that of Wörth. He has proclaimed his design of checking the onward movement of the people. He is the champion of order, where order is already secured. Around him gather the hopes of an aristocracy frivolous and worthless, of a race of monarchs always the scourge of their country, and of a Church that has resolutely set itself to repress the perfection of the human intellect. Against him are arrayed all that is pure and honest in France. If he succeeds, it will only be by reducing the industrial classes, just rising to a consciousness of their political duties, to a new serfdom; by crushing those ideas of independence and of self-respect which have already lifted the French people from the barbarism of the past; by the death of political honesty, and the imperialism of military rule. What dangers impend over the unhappy nation from his plain usurpation; what woes he may bring upon his country to gratify his priestly guides; whether he may be more successful against his own countrymen than he was against their foes—can not at present be discovered, until it has been determined whether France will be ruled by Gambetta's intellect or M'Mahon's sword. The extraordinary contest has but just begun. The first acts of the new government have been an attempt to destroy the rights of the press, and an undisguised effort to impair the freedom of elections, to send the brilliant Rochefort to a penal servitude, and to the renewal of political proscription. The French people have not as yet returned a blow, and we trust that some peaceful means may still be found of removing the usurping Assembly, and driving the reactionists from power.

THE CENSUS AND ITS LESSONS.

There is no kind of literature that can rival, for a large part of our people, the surpassing interest of the census. Here the farmer may find the details of his art, the progress of the West, and the ceaseless growth of agriculture. Here the merchant may estimate the demand for his wares, the consumer calculate the cost of living, the politician trace the advance of population, the patriot discover the wonderful prosperity of the people. Nowhere is displayed such a vast mass of useful knowledge. All that we ought first to know, as members of a free community, is here shown to us. The census of 1870 is more accurate and extensive than any that have gone before, nor of its three bulky volumes is there a page that has not its peculiar interest, or a row of figures without its striking moral. We should be conscious of ingratitude did we not thank the compilers of the ninth record of our national progress for the discretion and industry with which they have performed their scarcely remunerated task.

Borrowed from Rome, the invention of a practical people, and long the chief political guide of the republic, the census—like the Senate, the veto power, and so many other of our institutions—revives the memory and names of those elder freemen whose example we have so carefully imitated. The census died with the Roman empire. It was revived with our own freedom, and it is with no vain spirit of antiquarian research that we must remember the censor Cato or the blind Appius, for it is from them and their fellows that we have learned to be free. At Rome the census was taken every five years. It included the growth of the population, of property, of family changes, and formed the basis of the electoral law. With us it has grown into a vast and accurate survey of all the resources of the nation; it inspects the most distant county in Arkansas, and measures the wealth of the wildest Territory.

Of the wealth of the country the census gives the most encouraging account. But it also suggests a strange inequality of taxation. The assessed value of all the States is $14,178,986,732. The true value, we are told, is more than $30,000,000,000. More than half the property of the country, therefore, does not appear on the assessors' books, and thus escapes taxation. The assessed value of the State of New York is $1,900,000,000, the real value more than $6,500,000,000. The State valuation of the city of New York is $928,000,000, the real value $3,484,268,700. It thus appears that two-thirds of the real and personal property of the city of New York is untaxed. In our careless and singularly irregular method of taxation, the burdens of the State are borne by a small proportion of those who hold property. A very large part of the wealth of the State pays nothing to the public revenues. Of all the States, Massachusetts seems to have the most careful method of assessment. Its assessed value is $1,591,000,000, its census valuation $2,132,000,000; and it is quite plain that some reform should be made in our own plan of valuation, which varies in every county, seems to favor one class of property-holders to the loss and oppression of another, and is founded upon falsehood and neglect. To tax all property at its true value is no doubt the only just principle of valuation. New York leads all the States in wealth, as in population. It is worth $6,500,000,000; Pennsylvania is valued at $3,806,000,000; Ohio, the third, at $2,235,000,000. The debt of all the States is $868,000,000, the taxation $280,000,000.

Wandering through the maze of figures, we are struck with the wonderful growth of the Northwestern States; the rapid advance of civilization over the wilderness; the wealth of the Northern section, the poverty of the Southern; the close connection between knowledge and prosperity, education and general ease; the spread of the foreign population over the Northern States, and its careful avoidance of the Southern; the relation of ignorance to crime, the costly nature of ignorance to society, and the happy results of public instruction. The general education of Massachusetts has made it the most prosperous of the States; the ignorance of Louisiana has made it one of the most unfortunate. In Massachusetts and New York the greater part of the ignorance and crime exists in the foreign population; the uneducated immigrants create the chief burdens of the community. Of 14,100 persons receiving support as paupers in the State of New York on the 1st of June, 1870, 8147 are foreign born, and a large additional share are of foreign parentage. Yet the foreign population is only one-third of the whole. Of 4704 persons in prison, nearly one-half were foreigners, and possibly nearly all were of foreign blood. Such, at least, is the result of the special inquiries in Massachusetts. Yet, we presume, it is only to the uneducated foreigners that we must attribute this extraordinary share of pauperism and crime, and that those who have been properly educated in their native countries take place among the most orderly portion of our citizens.

We have no space to point the moral of the census. Every page abounds in useful lessons. We may trace the rich wheat lands melting into the wilderness. New York is the garden and the dairy of the nation. Texas presents a herd of nearly half a million cattle. Cotton rules over the warmer climate to the exclusion of more necessary products. The densest population is around the centres of manufactures and trade. Yet we think the chief lesson of the census is that the most cultivated and intelligent States are the most prosperous, and that the fate of the country is bound up in that of the common schools.

MR. GARFIELD'S DEFENSE.

Mr. Garfield has laid his defense before the people, and it is probable that a large majority of his countrymen will rejoice to pronounce a verdict in favor of one who has always borne a high reputation, and whose traducers are plainly unworthy of belief. The Crédit Mobilier was an association formed to plunder the nation through the Pacific Railroad. Its apparent purpose was to purchase land along the line of the Pacific route and to profit by the rise in value. Its real aim, to make great profits by contracting to build the railway at sums far greater than its true cost. It was managed by a part of the directors of the Pacific road; its proceedings were secret, and its purposes unknown. Mr. Ames, it seems, was the chief agent in directing the action of this secret combination, and justice to the living requires that his conduct should be scrutinized with singular attention. In 1867 George Francis Train, one of the founders of the Crédit Mobilier, approached Mr. Garfield to induce him to take an interest in the company. Mr. Garfield refused. In 1868 Mr. Ames came to him, suggesting the great profits that must arise from the speculation in land, but wholly concealing from his intended victim the frauds that were designed. The project of purchasing land along the Pacific route seemed perfectly harmless, and Mr. Garfield consented to subscribe for one thousand dollars' worth of the stock. But he did so only upon the condition that he should be permitted to examine the charter and the objects of the Crédit Mobilier. This Mr. Ames never suffered him to do. He never, therefore, took the stock. And when at a later period he discovered something of the real nature of the Crédit Mobilier, he at once told Mr. Ames that he would no longer entertain the project; that he would have none of his profits or his risks.

Such was his temptation and his escape. The directors of the Crédit Mobilier, conscious of guilt and of danger, had striven to implicate various members of Congress in their illegal gains, and when they were repulsed, labored to destroy the reputations of those whom they had failed to corrupt. Menaced with public inquiry, fearful of ruin and disgrace, Ames seems to have thought that he could best shield his transactions from discovery by intimidating or driving from power the Republican party. He for the first time made public his charges during the recent political contest. They were seized upon eagerly by the opposition press. The most incredible stories of corruption were circulated against the most eminent men in the nation. Wilson, Colfax, Garfield, Blaine, and many others were reported to be the holders of large amounts of the tainted stock, and the chief strength of the Liberal Republican movement lay in its extraordinary capacity for slander. All these libels have been swept away by time and the reflection of the people. In the case of no Republican has it been shown that any one of those who were tempted by Ames fell into his power. Wilson, Colfax, Garfield, Blaine, stand before the country without a stain. Even of those less cautious it does not appear that any knew the secret object of the Crédit Mobilier. The amounts charged in this idle scandal sank gradually to a few hundred dollars each. And the attempt to drive the Republicans from power by extravagant falsehoods and loud assertions failed. The Crédit Mobilier could not intimidate them nor touch their patriotic fame.

The affairs of this notorious association are about to be examined in a public lawsuit, and what degree of guilt attaches to its proceedings will be made plain to all the people. If the frauds charged upon it be proved, they will at least show that the testimony of its directors against honest men is wholly worthless, and that none of those who were the object of its slanders need take the trouble to reply to them. Death has fallen upon the chief of its managers. We should be glad to be able to think that even Oakes Ames was no more guilty than many common speculators; that he was ignorant of the plainer principles of rectitude, rather than willing openly to violate them. The sentiment of honor in commercial dealings has made rapid progress among us within the last few years. The frauds of railroad speculators will not be easily repeated. But Mr. Garfield's defense against the charges of his assailant was hardly needed. His character was a sufficient shield. His political life has covered him with honor, and not all the rancor of the enemies of freedom can deprive him of the esteem and gratitude of his countrymen.

COLLEGES.

As the summer days draw on, the season of rest for many weary teachers, and sometimes overtasked scholars, approaches; examinations not so thorough, perhaps, as the Chinese, and literary exercises not so accurate as a Sanscrit pundit would demand, are passed over rapidly; the college classes prepare for their Commencement speeches, and the cessation of an imperfect education—for many a student no doubt a final one—ends in the distribution of honors that were never, perhaps, fairly earned, and the awarding of degrees that sit with no graceful air upon the indolent and the dull. There is, indeed, no objection to the general distribution of honors by our private colleges in any manner they may choose. It may be proper to adorn those who have passed some years at an alma mater with some distinctive title. We could wish, however, that in many instances it could be a more appropriate one. But the question of what value are our private colleges and schools to the country, how far they educate the children of its people in good morals, decency, republican principles, and mental progress, may be freely examined.

And we believe that the most resolute adherent of existing systems must admit that, like too many of their European models, our numerous colleges are distinguished by a wide relaxation of discipline; that necessary studies are neglected, and dissipation and indolence too often mark the college life; that the sons of wealthy parents who are sent to the private institutions are not seldom ruined by self-indulgence, and those of the less wealthy class by the examples of their associates; that in most of our seminaries an extensive course of study is passed over superficially; that often nothing useful is learned thoroughly; that the student has sometimes earned his honors by diligently smoking cheroots or acquiring the mysteries of the card-table; that a tone of scholastic dullness rests over the whole routine of careless lectures and imperfect recitations; and that the graduate, even if he have applied himself with diligence, may come from the most approved system of private instruction with an extraordinary ignorance of literature and an utter blindness to the movements of the world around him. Whether republican honesty and republican manliness are taught in all our colleges we do not know, but we fear that in some of them the enfeebling taint of European prejudices and foreign traditions is corrupting the manners of our young contemporaries.

The cure for the deficiencies of our college system must come from ourselves, and not from abroad. Yet several of our private institutions seem to think differently. In one direction we are menaced with the whole mediæval system of Oxford and Cambridge, and the follies that are the laughing-stock of English reformers are proposed for our imitation. We are already provided in one of our New York colleges with the scarlet gown that encircled mediæval bigotry, and the presidential cap that may have given Erasmus an occasion for irreverent witticisms. We have fellowships that might well have been exorcised forever by the shrewd ridicule of Smollett. We can certainly have no desire to revive the scholastic repose, the beer and smoke, of the Oxford fellow-commoners. Nor do we think that the servile manners and principles of an English university are any proper object of imitation for American intelligence. Not more desirable for us is the French system of superficial emulation, or even, perhaps, the more liberal and accurate method of the Germans. The German universities are still covered with mediæval abuses; nor until they are reformed can they satisfy the aims of progress.

But we think the true remedy for the failures of private instruction will be the gradual enlargement of the public, and the blending of the various agencies of education in one manly and liberal system. It is the community that should educate its children. The private schools and colleges must gradually pass away, at least in their existing form. They will probably form an important part of the national system. Already the method of education pursued in many of our public schools in various parts of the country is so infinitely above that of the private as to draw in nearly all the children of the community; and whenever free colleges are established that will offer scientific, agricultural, or mechanical instruction, that will teach trades and employments, that will inculcate republican equality and the usefulness of every form of industry, we need no longer dread the influence of college life upon the young. Our public schools may be made to cultivate the honesty and purity of the nation, and our free colleges teach the duties and the rights of labor.

SANITARY REFORM.

One unexpected result of the comparison between the healthfulness of European cities and our own is little to the credit of the latter. It is shown that the death rate in New York and Philadelphia is greater than that of London and Paris. Our two most important commercial centres, so soon to be almost blended into one city by the increase of railway facilities, have apparently neglected those natural advantages which they possess over all other capitals. It seems incredible, indeed, that London, enveloped in fog and smoke, provided only with a single muddy river to bear away its impurities, filled with a population oppressed by the deepest pains of poverty, addicted to all the vices incident to indigence and overcrowding, should yet be able to preserve the health of its people in a better condition than New York, which is nearly surrounded by purifying waters, and which is swept by the fresh winds from the sea. The subject is one that should arrest the attention of our people. The fact seems proved that we have misused the gifts of nature. The greater part of our disease comes from our crowded tenement-houses and our foreign population. Instead of providing comfortable lodgings for the poor, we have suffered them to be driven into thick aggregations, and to remain surrounded by filth and decay. The sanitary regulations of the city have never been enforced. Our streets are noted for their uncleanliness; the condition of the homes of the poor has never been properly inspected; the avarice of landlords and the inefficiency of our rulers have conspired to produce dwellings that are unfit for human inmates, and crowded quarters that are the centres of fever and plague.

Of all reforms the most pressing is that of the improvement of our sanitary condition. Our officials should proceed at once, before the heat of summer deepens, to cleanse away all impurities, and remove the causes of disease. Every overcrowded tenement-house should be visited, and the number of its inmates diminished. Rapid transit must at last be provided to enable the working classes to find healthier homes in Westchester or Long Island. Dispersion is the chief remedy for overcrowding, and no city offers a more attractive neighborhood than ours for the dwellings of persons who live by labor. Yet the result of various experiments shows that even a thickly crowded tenement-house may be made singularly healthful where the common sanitary regulations are enforced, and that clean rooms and clean streets may make the city population as little liable to disease as that of the country. Let our reformers insist upon keeping our streets free from impurities, let the worst quarters of the city be more carefully cleansed than even the finest, and we may easily rival the healthfulness of London or Paris. It is one of the chief of the evil results of our recent misgovernment that our death rate is so high, and that children especially are the victims of impure air; and it would be a plain proof of the thorough reform of our various departments could they succeed in saving a proportion of those lives that have heretofore been lost for want of sanitary foresight. To guard the health of the city should be the chief aim of our officials.

PERSONAL.

John A. Bingham, recently appointed minister to Japan, is one of the ablest men whom the West has sent to Congress. He was first elected in 1854, and since then has served sixteen years in that body. He was chairman of the managers in the impeachment trial of President Johnson, and was esteemed one of the ablest lawyers and most dextrous wire-pullers of the House. He is, moreover, a very unostentatious, practical, genial man, and has a way of making himself so very engaging that he will be quite sure to make himself acceptable to the great folk at court, and hold his way with the representatives of the decaying monarchies of the Old World.

—Never was such a thing seen in Boston as on Sunday, June 8, when Henry Ward Beecher preached in Rev. Mr. Murray's church. The rush of people was so great that the police were called upon to protect the weaker ones from being crushed in the rush to obtain entrance. Moreover, it is the first time, in Boston at least (*never* in New York), that the constabulary have been invoked to protect the lives of persons eager to go to church. We shall certainly soon have the millennium if this sort of thing goes on.

—Secretary Robeson was recently presented with the first naval commission signed by Washington. It was issued to John Barry, and the Secretary has sent it to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, where our nascent salts can gaze upon it and think of what may happen to them.

—The memory of Washington continues to be revered, and his portraits are competed for. Two original medallion portraits of George and Martha W., the property of John Patterson, the great-grandson of General W.'s sister, Mrs. Lewis, have recently been sent to Boston for sale by the owner, who has become impecunious. They were painted while the F. of his Country was encamped near Boston, when he assumed command of the army; and now the children of Boston's public schools will give concerts to raise the money to buy the pictures for the Art Museum.

—Ex-President Thiers, after a turbulent and, on the whole, unsatisfactory administration since he was called to the headship of the government on the 17th February, 1871, and to the Presidency on the 31st August following, has been relegated to his position as a simple member of the Chamber, and will, it is understood, resume his literary labors. The work on which he is at present engaged, and which is crowded with incidents of the most dramatic character, is the downfall of the Empire and the reign of the Commune.

—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has evolved from the depths of her inner consciousness the notion that the only way to abolish hazing in colleges is to admit women thereto. The ducking process would be likely to remain intact.

—Speaking of Miss Thackeray's *Old Kensington*, the *Saturday Review* says, "It is a story that gives the highest impression of the richness and power of her genius." It is the longest story she has written.

—Mr. Robert Bonner's monument to Mrs. Parton ("Fanny Fern"), in Mount Auburn, will consist of an Italian marble pedestal surmounted by a Roman cross, beautifully enriched with fern leaves.

—Alexandre Dumas, as a spectacle to be gazed at of a morning, was not an entire success. He is described as having "the figure of a drum-major, the limbs of a Hercules in all their conceivable extension, prominent lips, African nose, curled head, and bronzed face. Scrape his head, and we find the savage underneath."

—Mr. Charles H. Northam, an opulent and estimable gentleman of Hartford, was a few days ago made honorable and popular on the briny element by having a new steamer on the New York and New Haven line named after him. A large mob of Governors from down East and many bright ladies assisted on the primal Champagne trip from here to New Haven. Orations were gotten off; but the prettiest little speech of the occasion, and one which every body was quick to appreciate and admire, was that made by an interest-computing man, who said that since 1861 the steamboat company had netted over a million of dollars. The statement was covetous but consolatory.

—Hon. Alexander H. Stephens has become sole proprietor of the Atlanta *Sun*, and will continue to act as editor-in-chief. Mr. Stephens's position and ability as a writer and speaker are such throughout the South as to give to his paper a power which in other hands it could scarcely possess.

—Of the thirteen Southern bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, living and dead, one (Soulé) was born in Maine, two (Early and Doggett) in Virginia, three (Capers, Wightman, and M'Tyierre) in South Carolina, two (Andrew and Pierce) were born in Missouri, Paine in North Carolina, Kavanagh in Kentucky, Bascom in New York, and Keener in Maryland.

—Heinrich Heine says, "If all Europe were to become a prison, America would still present a loop-hole of escape; and, God be praised, that loop-hole is larger than the dungeon itself."

—John Prentiss, the oldest newspaper publisher in New England, if not in the United States, died on the 6th inst., in Keene, New Hampshire, in the ninety-sixth year of his age. He established the New Hampshire *Sentinel* in 1799, and conducted it for forty-nine years.

—Lord Houghton, in his "Monographs," has a pleasant sketch of Landor, whom he first met in Florence in 1833. Lord H. was seized with the fever of the country, and Landor took him to his villa, where he spent several happy weeks in a daily enjoyment of his rich mind and high discourse. "I have no ailments," said Landor, "but why should I? I have eaten well-prepared food; I have drunk light, subacid wines, and three glasses instead of ten; I have liked modest better than immodest women, and I have never tried to make a shilling in the world."

—One of the most striking monuments of modern times has just been erected at Tours in memory of Count Cavour. It is of marble, sixty feet high, and the work of Giovanni Dupri, a Florentine sculptor.

—King Louis of Bavaria was the first to enroll his name on the list of subscribers to the fund for a monument to the late Baron Liebig. The kingly subscription was 1000 florins.

—Dudley P. Rogers, late of Salem, Massachusetts, was a thoughtful man and a good man, and his memory should be held in high esteem by the people in all the region round about. For he left $15,000 to the Salem Fraternity for the purpose of providing such innocent amusement as the officers of said society would consider best calculated to attract from the streets the young men and women who have no place to turn to in the evening for amusement but the street. That is the first bequest in behalf of hilarity that has yet been made, and we therefore suggest that at the inauguration of the establishment the Salem folk join in chanting the following verse:

> "At *Salem's* courts we must appear,
> With our assembled powers,
> In strong and beauteous order ranged,
> Like her united towers."

—M. Castelar, the brilliant orator and scholar, and recently Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, is thus spoken of by a Madrid correspondent of the *World*:

> "History is his favorite study, and is of immense assistance to him in his speeches. He has traveled much, though never yet outside of Europe. Rome, Berlin, Paris, and London are as familiar to him as Madrid. He has often spoken to me of New York, with its great newspapers and its great publishing houses, such as the Messrs. Harper, with whom he is under contract. Their enterprise and liberality, so different to that of Spanish houses, has secured his co-operation in their *Monthly* on terms highly remunerative to him. Between the engagement with them and the correspondence of two South American journals who pay him $50 each for a biweekly 'letter,' he was adding something like $13,000 a year to the $1500 he received for his professorship of history in the University of Madrid."

—Mr. W. F. Myers, Chinese secretary to the British legation at Pekin, has finished, in manuscript, a dictionary of biographical, historical, and mythological references, embracing the whole of Chinese literature from the earliest period to the present century.

—At the last Commencement at Harvard the six oldest living graduates were the Hon. Samuel Thatcher, of 1793; the Hon. Horace Binney, of 1797; Judge Willard Hall (of Delaware) and Samuel Dunn Parker, of 1799; the Hon. William Minot, of 1802, and the Hon. James Savage—all men of ability and reputation. The year is not yet ended, and three of the six—the oldest and the youngest two—have passed away, rich in honor.

—There is some probability that Mr. Dawes, at present the "Father of the House," will retire from Congress at the end of his present term, to accept a partnership in a foreign banking house dealing largely in American securities.

—Rev. John F. W. Ware was the clergyman who preached the recent sermon before the Boston Ancient and Honorable Artillery—a company of sanguinary men composed of the best blood of that town. His text was, "Citizen of no mean city," and he applied that to Boston! It seems incredible, yet that was what Mr. Ware did.

—Bishop Kip, of California, knows the value of good credit. Twenty years ago he was consecrated to the episcopate, and the diocese now owes him $21,000 arrears of salary. The Episcopalians of the Eastern slope will begin to point the bony finger of derision at their brethren of California unless they speedily pay, or put up the collaterals for, this little bill.

—We are disposed to give the Rev. H. B. Kunkle, of Andover, the credit for enterprise, which every man exhibits who advertises. The Reverend Kunkle announces himself in the *Congregationalist* as follows:

> "FOR SALE OR TO LET.—A perfect minister, possessed of every quality which any church can desire, will be secured by the first applicant. A perfect church need not apply."

—Speaking of ministers, the editor of the Springfield *Republican* alludes to the embarrassments under which our late minister to Russia labored from his ignorance of the Russian and French languages, and adds: "Governor Jewell, Mr. Orr's successor, will have at his command the linguistic accomplishments of his wife and daughters, and in addition, as he informs his friends with his usual bluff heartiness, has formed the determination to talk French before he gets to St. Petersburg, 'or bust.' His pluck reminds us of the assiduity with which John Adams, on the occasion of his first mission to Paris, studied and jabbered in the daytime and visited the theatre in the evening, till in six weeks he could conduct a conversation with Count de Vergennes."

—Sir Edward Thornton ("Sredard," as they familiarly call him at the capital) has purchased land in Washington upon which to erect a permanent building for the British legation.

—Oscar II., King of Sweden and Norway, is forty-four years old, carefully educated, an eloquent speaker, a poet of taste, and a clever writer. He has traveled much. At one of the International Exhibitions in England he was met by Mr. Baines, M.P., who speaks of him as "the able and enlightened promoter of education, industry, art, and all that can adorn a country." The prince took the English educationist to see the model Swedish school in the building, and explained it as fully as a school-master could have done. "I never," says Mr. Baines, "saw so rich and varied an amount of educational appliances of every kind. I found the prince a most interesting instructor, and could not sufficiently admire his perfect courtesy or the goodness which placed his companions at their ease and on a level with himself. If I do not mistake, he will prove a benevolent and enlightened ruler."

—That newspaper talent is appreciated in the excessively far West is attested by the fact that Paul de Cassagnac, the famous fighting editor of the Paris *Pays*, who has killed eighteen men in duels, and has another one to kill next month, has been offered a position on the *Weekly Montanian*, an able sheet published in the hilly country of Missouri. Six editors of that paper have died with their boots on during the past year, and they look hopefully to Paul's advent among them, knowing him to be a first-class perforator.

—Here, now, is a "personal" of the high social and eminently British sort. We copy such portions as seem pertinent to this column from an advertisement that appears on the first page of that curious publication called *Notes and Queries*:

> Festival of the Sons of the Clergy.—The Two Hundred and Nineteenth Anniversary will be celebrated with a full Choral Service under the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, on Wednesday, May 14, 1873. The Choir will be augmented to about 250 voices, accompanied by a full Orchestra, and the fine Organ recently rebuilt by Mr. Henry Willis. The anthem will be Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, the Overture to which will be performed at the commencement of the Service, which will be concluded by Händel's "Hallelujah Chorus." The Sermon will be preached by the Rev. Francis James Holland, before the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, the Archbishops and Bishops, the Stewards, etc. The Annual Dinner will take place the same day at 6 P.M. precisely, in Merchant Tailors' Hall, the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor presiding, supported by the Sheriffs, the Archbishops, Bishops, Stewards, etc.
>
> STEWARDS.
>
> Marquis of Bath,
> Lord Bishop of Salisbury,
> Hon. Mr. Justice Pratt,
> Lord Bishop of Exeter,
> Right Hon. the Speaker of the House of Commons,
> Right Hon. the Lord Mayor,

And twenty other Honorables, Right Honorables, Archdeacons, Deans, Judges, Sirs, and such. What a fine old charity! And its *two hundred and nineteenth* anniversary! Just one hundred and twenty-two years older than this healthy young country of ours!

—Mrs. James Boggs, of Washington, Indiana, is a noble woman. She has a son who measures six feet seven inches one way by sixteen years the other; and yet she is not happy.

—Lord Houghton, in his sketch of Lady Ashburton, one of the brightest women of her day, with a fine dash of sarcasm in her chat, says: "Many who would not have cared for a quiet defeat shrank from the merriment of her victory. I remember one of them saying, 'I do not mind being knocked down, but I can't stand being danced upon afterward.'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Seventeen unarmed Modoc prisoners, some of them women and children, were massacred on the 7th inst. by a company of men supposed to be Oregon volunteers. The warriors killed were not charged with murder. Mrs. Boddy and her daughter, Mrs. Schierra, at Tule Lake, have identified the Indians who shot their husbands. Captain Jack, in an interview with General Davis, declared that it was Allen David, the Klamath chief, who caused him to open war on the whites. He denies killing General Canby. On the 7th inst. the Pitt River Indians delivered eleven more Modocs to General Davis.

A fire occurred in Newburg on the 9th inst., destroying over $200,000 worth of property. Two persons were severely injured.

The Court of Appeals has unanimously granted a new trial to Edward S. Stokes for the alleged murder of James Fisk, Jun. The chief points on which the decision is based are, that the judge who tried the case erred in charging that the law presumes murder from the mere fact of killing, and calls upon the prisoner to mitigate or justify, and that he erred also in excluding proof of threats of deceased to kill the prisoner.

The Mayor of San Francisco has vetoed the ordinance directing the cutting off of the pigtails of such Chinamen as should be sent to the county jail, and also the special tax ordinance bearing on Chinese laundry-men.

Frank H. Walworth was arraigned in the Court of Oyer and Terminer on the 11th inst. for the murder of his father. He pleaded "not guilty," and his trial was set down for the 23d inst.

Another fire-damp explosion occurred in a coal mine near Shamokin, Pennsylvania, on the 10th inst., by which fifteen or twenty men are said to have been killed.

Isaac C. West, of Danver, Delaware, who was charged with murdering and skinning a negro, and then blowing up the house in which the deed was done, has been acquitted of the killing by a jury. He will now be tried for arson.

Governor Dix has signed the bill appropriating $50,000 for the improvement of the Hudson River above Catskill; also the Supply bill, the New York Supplemental Charter, and New York Deficiency bill.

The steam-ship *Northern* has been wrecked on the rocks near St. Lawrence Point light. No lives were lost.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Emperor William of Germany is alarmingly ill.

Frederick Ludwig George von Raumer, the German historian, is dead.

Señor Orense resigned the Presidency of the Spanish Cortes on the 10th inst., and Señor Salmeron was chosen as his successor. On the 11th inst., during a threatened outbreak in the city, a new ministry was chosen, headed by Señor Pi y Margall as President of the Council and Minister of the Interior. Señor Figueras subsequently left Madrid to go to France. The policy of the new ministry includes martial law against the Carlists, liberty of the Antilles, the suppression of slavery, and the separation of church and state. The Minister of Finance proposes a loan of 300,000,000 reals, and additional taxation. It is reported that the curé of Santa Cruz has abandoned Don Carlos, and proclaimed a Catholic republic, with Calvera as President.

Alexandra Palace, in the north of London, was destroyed by fire on the 9th inst., involving a loss of $3,000,000. Dublin was also visited by fire, resulting in the loss of property worth $100,000. A mob of thieves attempted to interfere with the firemen, but the troops charged upon them and wounded many.

The Mexican rebel General Lozada has been captured and shot.

Count von Arnim, the German embassador at Paris, has been recalled, it is said, because of unnecessary calls upon President M'Mahon.

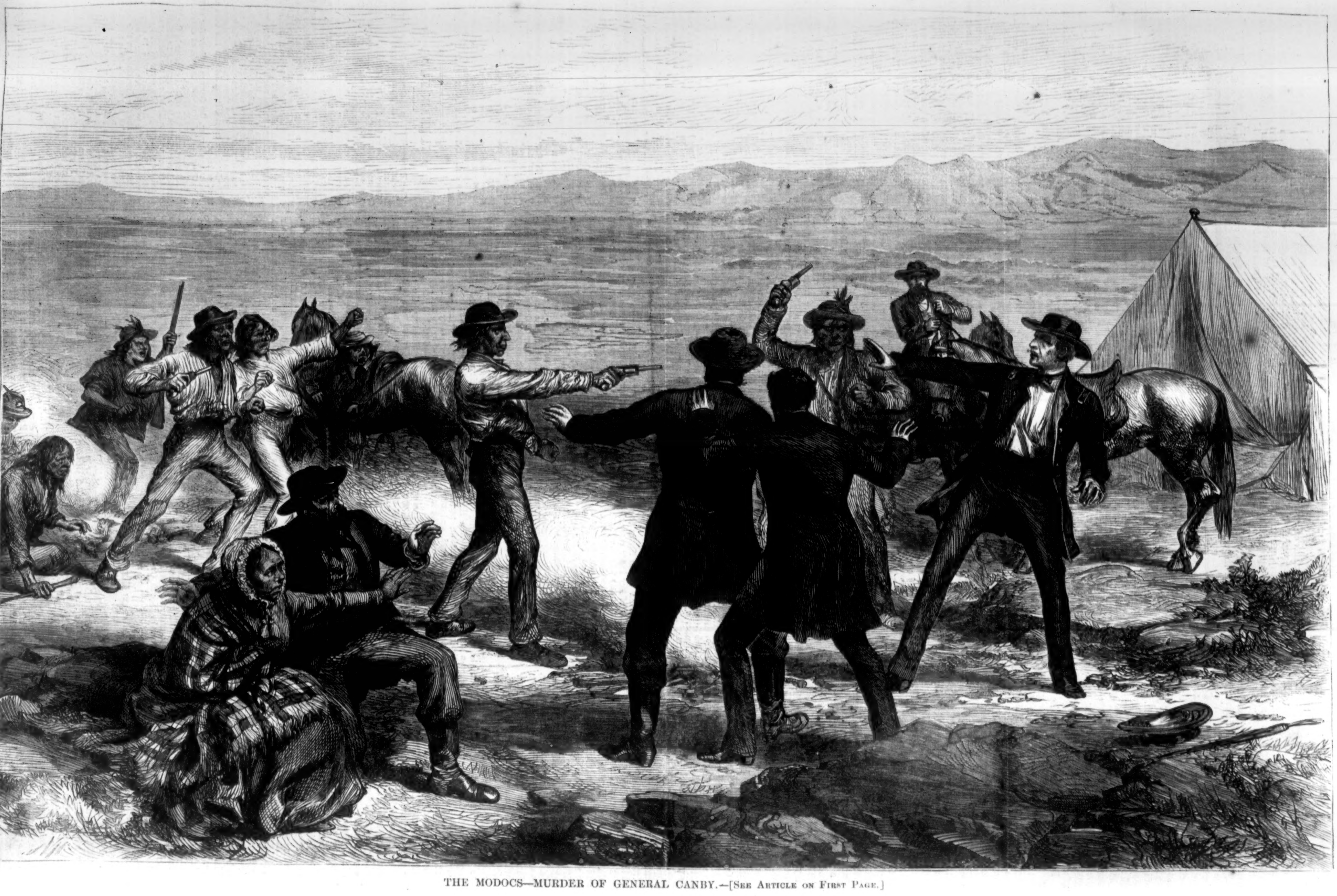
M. Gambetta read an official circular in the French Assembly on the 10th inst. proposing to subsidize the country press. The Minister of the Interior acknowledged its authorship, and a scene of wild confusion followed, when the Assembly voted to support the government, by 389 to 315. A number of officials immediately sent in their resignations on this account. Ex-President Thiers has written to a friend saying that he has retired to private life, "believing that party government in France is a mistake, and will only lead to fresh divisions." M. Beulé, Minister of the Interior, has resigned, and M. Goulard is his successor.

The Sultan of Turkey has issued a firman granting to the Khedive of Egypt an independent internal government, and authorizing him to augment the army and conclude foreign treaties.

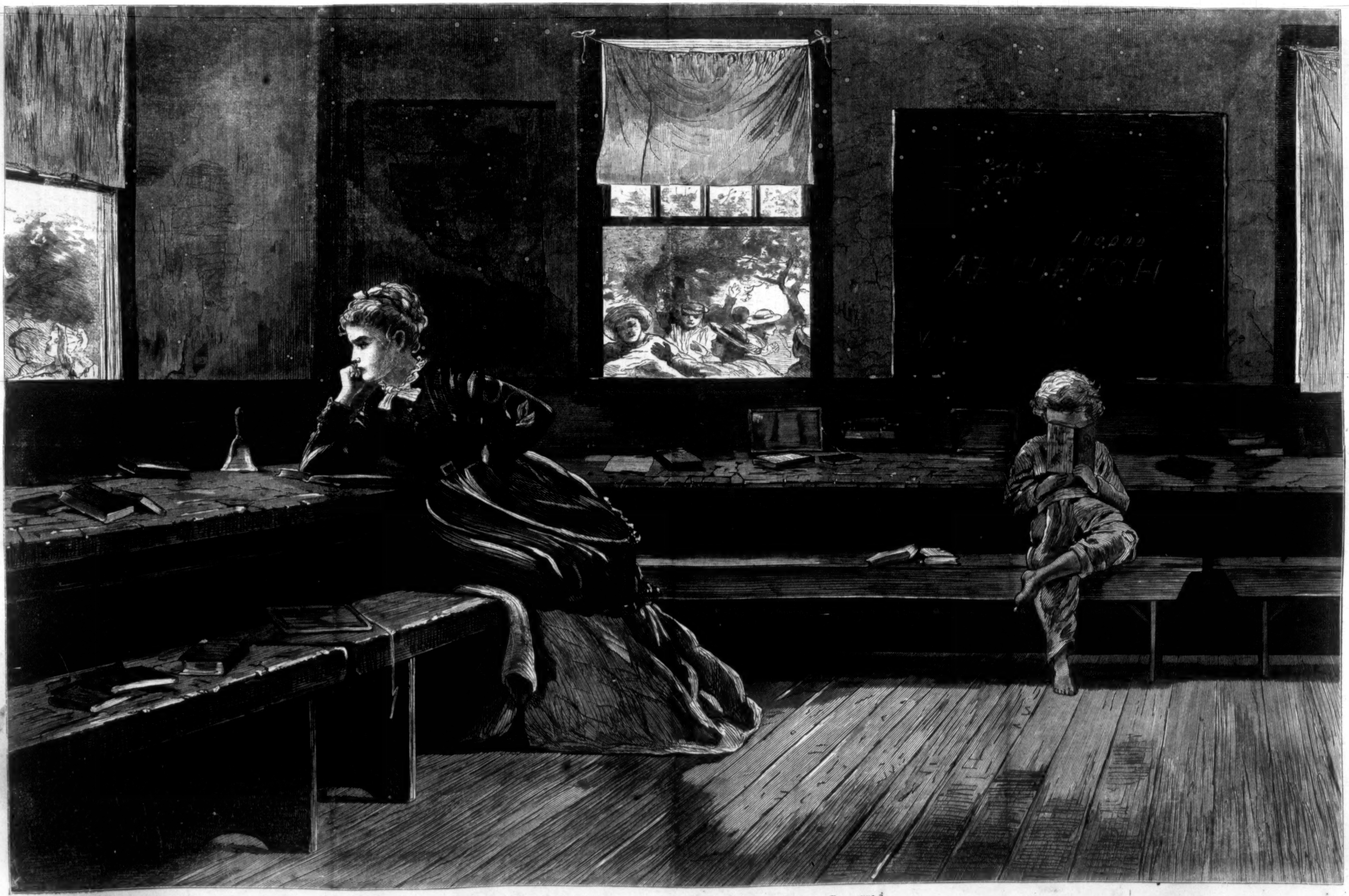
A battle took place between the Russian and Khivan forces at Chalast on the 11th ult., resulting in the defeat of the latter without the slightest loss on the Russian side.

It is reported that an alliance has been formed between Germany and Italy.

It is reported that Herr Kard von Schlozer, German minister to the United States, now at Berlin, has been recalled, and a successor will soon be appointed.



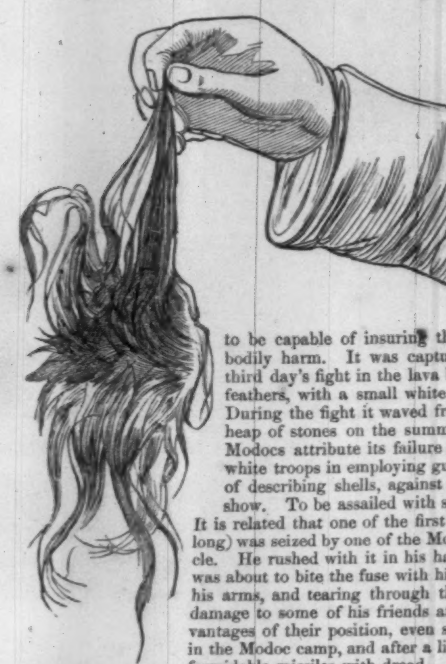
THE MODOCS—MURDER OF GENERAL CANBY.—[See Article on First Page.]



THE NOON RECESS.—Drawn by Winslow Homer.—[See Poem on Page 550.]

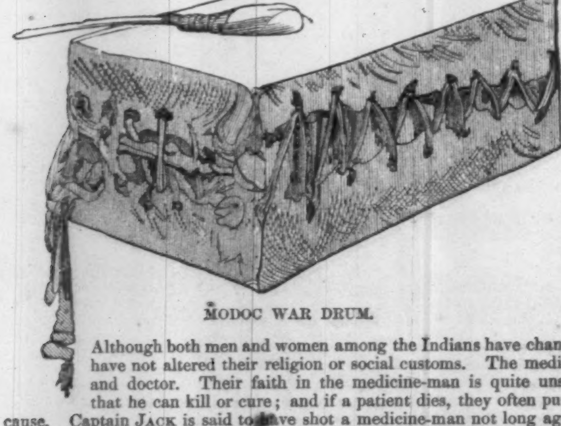
MODOC TROPHIES.

The interesting illustrations presented in connection with this article show a number of trophies taken by our troops in the late war against the Modoc Indians. The first is a Modoc scalp, but whose is still an undecided question. It was at first supposed to be that of Scar-Faced Charley; but as that redoubtable warrior still walks about carrying his full complement of hair, scalp-lock and all, it most probably belonged to some undistinguished member of the band. The second trophy is a Modoc war drum. It is constructed of dried skins stretched over a light wooden frame, oblong in shape, and tightened by means of leather thongs. The drumstick is a piece of wood with a bit of rag fastened to one end. This drum was loudly beaten by the Modocs during the whole of the attack on Captain Jack's stronghold. The third trophy is the famous war flag of the Modocs, which was believed to possess magical medicinal virtues, and to be capable of insuring those who fought under its shadow against bodily harm. It was captured by Company K, First Cavalry, on the third day's fight in the lava beds. It is made of mink-skin and hawk's feathers, with a small white medicine bead placed among the feathers. During the fight it waved from a staff about four feet long, placed in a heap of stones on the summit of a peak, where it was captured. The Modocs attribute its failure to protect them to the unfair usage of the white troops in employing guns which "fire twice," this being their way of describing shells, against which no medicine flag could have a fair show. To be assailed with shells was a new sensation to these Indians. It is related that one of the first shells which were fired (the fuse had been long) was seized by one of the Modocs, who believed it to be a harmless article. He rushed with it in his hands to show it to some of his fellows, and was about to bite the fuse with his teeth, when it exploded, carrying off both his arms, and tearing through the middle of his body, doing considerable damage to some of his friends at the same time. Still, such were the advantages of their position, even shell-firing did comparatively little damage in the Modoc camp, and after a little experience they ceased to regard these formidable missiles with dread. The cunning savages constructed rifle-pits along the outer edge of the innumerable lava cracks, from which they could fire in perfect security upon the white troops. These rents in the lava are so wide in places that there are hollows where they could keep their women and children, and be in perfect safety from musketry fire. Shells would have to drop into one of these cracks before they could do any damage, and even then a quick jump round a corner would put the person out of danger. On the top of any projecting point the Modocs placed a couple or more stones, which had from the distance the appearance of men, thus distracting their enemies, and causing them to fire at scarecrows instead of the real Indians.



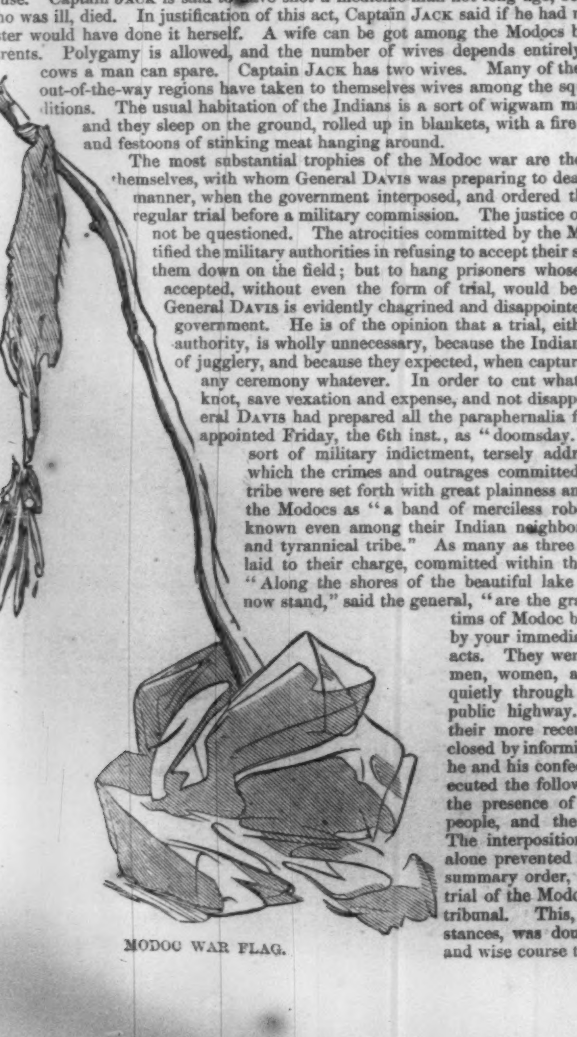
MODOC SCALP.

The Modocs, though a brave tribe, are not at all advanced in the ways of civilization, nor do they attempt any thing like improvement. In Captain Jack's cave, for instance, a great deal of additional space could have been got by clearing out the fallen rocks and rubbish; but, instead of this, the rubbish seems to have been increased by heaps of offal, bones, and dunghill stuff of all sorts. The squaws have now quite adopted the costume of the whites, and one of a pair of ladies' boots was left in the cave. Although both men and women among the Indians have changed their style of dress, they have not altered their religion or social customs. The medicine-man is still their priest and doctor. Their faith in the medicine-man is quite unshaken: they firmly believe that he can kill or cure; and if a patient dies, they often put the doctor to death as the cause. Captain Jack is said to have shot a medicine-man not long ago, because his sister's child, who was ill, died. In justification of this act, Captain Jack said if he had not shot the doctor, his sister would have done it herself. A wife can be got among the Modocs by giving a cow to her parents. Polygamy is allowed, and the number of wives depends entirely upon the number of cows a man can spare. Captain Jack has two wives. Many of the whites living in those out-of-the-way regions have taken to themselves wives among the squaws on the same conditions. The usual habitation of the Indians is a sort of wigwam made of twigs and mats, and they sleep on the ground, rolled up in blankets, with a fire of wood in the centre, and festoons of stinking meat hanging around.



MODOC WAR DRUM.

The most substantial trophies of the Modoc war are the redoubtable warriors themselves, with whom General Davis was preparing to deal in the most summary manner, when the government interposed, and ordered that they should have a regular trial before a military commission. The justice of this interposition can not be questioned. The atrocities committed by the Modocs would have justified the military authorities in refusing to accept their surrender, and shooting them down on the field; but to hang prisoners whose submission has been accepted, without even the form of trial, would be quite another thing. General Davis is evidently chagrined and disappointed by the action of the government. He is of the opinion that a trial, either by civil or military authority, is wholly unnecessary, because the Indians will deem it a piece of jugglery, and because they expected, when captured, to be hung without any ceremony whatever. In order to cut what he calls the gordian knot, save vexation and expense, and not disappoint the Indians, General Davis had prepared all the paraphernalia for the execution, and appointed Friday, the 6th inst., as "doomsday." He had prepared a sort of military indictment, tersely addressed to "Jack," in which the crimes and outrages committed by the chief and his tribe were set forth with great plainness and vigor. It described the Modocs as "a band of merciless robbers and murderers," known even among their Indian neighbors "as a domineering and tyrannical tribe." As many as three hundred murders are laid to their charge, committed within the present generation. "Along the shores of the beautiful lake in view of which we now stand," said the general, "are the graves of over sixty victims of Modoc barbarity, all murdered by your immediate ancestors in brutal acts. They were peaceful emigrants, men, women, and children, passing quietly through the country on the public highway." After recounting their more recent crimes, the general closed by informing Captain Jack that he and his confederates were to be executed the following day at sunset, in the presence of the troops, his own people, and the assembled citizens. The interposition of the government alone prevented the execution of this summary order, and provided for the trial of the Modoc chiefs by a regular tribunal. This, under the circumstances, was doubtless the only just and wise course to pursue.



MODOC WAR FLAG.

THE NOON RECESS.

[See Illustration on Page 549.]

Yes, hide your little tear-stained face
  Behind that well-thumbed book, my boy;
Your troubled thoughts are all intent
  Upon the game your mates enjoy,
While you this recess hour must spend
On study bench without a friend.

Ah, well! there's one grand lesson yet
  O'er which your tears must e'en be shed;
The problems of this changeful life
  Have puzzled many a wiser head
Than yours may prove, my little man;
So cling to sunshine while you can.

Ah! weary one, whose brain is filled
  With tiresome sounds the livelong day,
E'en now your heart doth half incline
  To let the captive out to play;
For yonder some one waits for you:
Shall love, or duty, find you true?

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The question, "Who will be the next Pope?" is discussed with great animation by the journalists of Europe. The answers are as various as the predilections of the writers. An English paper names seven cardinals as likely candidates: Pietro, Riario-Sforza, Morichini, Sacconi, Panebianco, and Capalti. Of these Riario-Sforza, the Archbishop of Naples, is considered the most available; on the other hand, it is claimed that public opinion in Rome inclines to Morichini and Pietro. It is thought that thirty-six cardinals will be able to attend the election. The Pope's health continues to be precarious.

The annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association was held in Boston, beginning May 27. The Executive Committee reported that $42,000 had been raised during the year for missionary purposes—an increase of $30,000 on the contributions of a few years since.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Delegates of American Israelites, held in May in this city, the question of the emigration of Jews from Roumania was discussed. It was stated that the leading Israelites of Europe had discouraged the emigration of the Roumanian Jews as a means of relief from persecution, and had advised them to stay and obtain redress by legislation. Help has been provided for those who may come to this country.

Had the Rev. Mr. J. M. Buckley, in his recent discourse on the decline of Methodism in New York and Brooklyn, assigned the dissatisfaction growing out of the Methodist Book Concern scandal as the main cause of the decline, he would have hit the nail squarely on the head, and accomplished something toward retrieving the prestige and character which suffered so severely by that unhappy complication. The attempt to smother investigation, screen offenders, whitewash questionable transactions, and the legal persecution of those who were endeavoring to clear the Methodist Church from complicity with wrong, offended the moral sense of the denomination; and if Methodism be indeed declining in New York and Brooklyn, it is chiefly owing to this cause, and not to the minor influences so carefully enumerated by Mr. Buckley.

The great Scotch Presbyterian Assemblies, that of the State Church and that of the Free Church, began their sessions in Edinburgh May 22. The Rev. Dr. Gillan was elected Moderator of the former, and Dr. Duff, the celebrated East Indian missionary, Moderator of the latter. Dr. Duff delivered an address of much power on the dangers which beset the Church in this age. The Free Church has raised in the year ending March last the total sum of £452,789 7*s.* 4*d.*, made up as follows: For Sustentation Fund, £136,364 3*s.* 8*d.*; Local Building Fund, £73,250 19*s.* 3*d.*; Congregational Fund, £147,715 6*s.* 1*d.*; Missions and Education, £77,350; Miscellaneous, £18,108 13*s.* 3*d.* The Committee for the Conversion of the Jews reported that their ordinary income last year was £5471, and that the fund for the erection of mission premises at Constantinople amounted to £5000. It was reported that the "Mutual Eligibility Scheme," which permits the ministers of the United Presbyterian Church to be inducted into the pastoral charge of Free Church congregations on the signing of the Free Church formula, had been approved by fifty-six Presbyteries, and disapproved by fifteen. Dr. Begg, however, the leader of the anti-union party, presented a formidable petition against the consummation of this scheme, signed by 130,000 persons. Dr. Candlish was, on the 28th of May, to present resolutions adopting the "Mutual Eligibility Scheme." The question is keenly debated throughout the Free Church. Twenty-one overtures on disestablishment were sent up to the Assembly from as many Presbyteries.

After a session of thirty-one days the Synod of the Irish Church (disestablished) adjourned, without completing the revision of the ritual. The *Times* Dublin correspondent says: "Some people are very much dissatisfied because so little has been done in the revision of the Prayer-book, which was the great task of the session, and others lament that there has been so much; but the general current of opinion runs quietly between the two extremes." During the entire session the laity showed a greater desire for radical alterations of the service than the clergy.

A correspondent of an English paper gives the following description of Canon Liddon, of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, whose sermons are so attractive to the masses of the English people: "He is a man of about forty-six years of age; his hair, which is worn short, is tinged with gray; his face is shaven smooth, and is pale and rather thin. He is of middle size, has a keen eye, and stands well, but unpretendingly, in the pulpit. Altogether his aspect is that of one who takes life anxiously and thoughtfully, and whose opinions and habits are cast in the mould of asceticism. His delivery corresponds with this impression. He has a clear, far-reaching, although not deep, voice; his enunciation is remarkably distinct, and from the first sentence to the last he speaks with an almost painful intensity and earnestness of manner. He reads every word of his sermon; and it is almost needless to say that, as a composition of sonorous, well-balanced, well-chosen English, the sermon is above criticism. Its delivery must be an extremely exhausting effort. I could see the perspiration streaming down the preacher's face."

The United Presbyterian Synod of Scotland reported at its annual session in Edinburgh, in May, 611 congregations and 182,810 communicants—an increase of 1384. The total income from all sources in 1872 was £330,933—an increase of £5777. Of this sum, £69,897 had been contributed for missionary and benevolent purposes. The total amount contributed for the support of ministers in 1872 was £129,730, making an average stipend for each minister of £212. This Church sustains missions in Jamaica, Trinidad, Old Calabar, Caffraria, India, China, and Spain. In these countries it employs 291 missionary laborers, and has 6630 communicants. The Mission Board have decided to open a mission in Japan, and have appropriated £10,700 for that purpose. The Synod during its session sent up a petition to Parliament, signed by the Moderator and 440 others, asking for the disestablishment of the English and Scotch state churches. Regret was expressed that the negotiations for union with the Free Church of Scotland had failed. Next year the Synod will be converted into a General Assembly.

The Diocesan Convention of Maryland (Protestant Episcopal Church), which met May 28, has repealed the canon which forbids attendance upon theatrical exhibitions and other light and vain amusements. The bishop (Whittingham), who was unable on account of ill health to be present, has filed a protest against the action of the Convention, in which he says, "The current of the times and the movement in the population of the country are such as imperatively require of a faithful branch of the Church of Christ increased stringency, and not timid relaxation, in the announcement and enforcement of the rules of holy living, self-denial, and non-conformity to the world." The bishop declares also that he will not consider himself bound by the action of the Convention.

The fifty-first annual session of the "General Convention of the Church of the New Jerusalem" began in Cincinnati June 6. One hundred and ten delegates and ministers were present. The treasurer reported a balance of $3000 in the treasury. It was resolved by the Convention to complete the new edition of Swedenborg's works.

The General Synod of the Reformed Church assembled in New Brunswick, New Jersey, on Wednesday, June 4. One hundred and six delegates were present. The Synod represents thirty-six classes, each of which is entitled to six delegates. Dr. Van Gleson was elected president. The second day was spent in the dedication of Suydam Hall, Rutger's College, and the laying of the corner-stone of the Sage Library building. The Synod has before it four propositions for union: one from the German Reformed Church, one from the Southern Presbyterian Assembly, one from the Northern Presbyterian Assembly, and one from the Presbyterian Synod of Missouri. From so many overtures some result may reasonably be expected.

The following is published as the text of the Japanese act of toleration, which secures religious liberty throughout the empire.

"*Whereas*, In matters of conscience and religious faith it has been justly observed that the manner of exercising them can be properly determined only by reason and conviction, not by force or violence; and

"*Whereas*, No man or society of men has any right to impose his or its opinions or interpretations on any other in matters of religion, since every man must be responsible for himself; and

"*Whereas*, We have no other purpose than that of avoiding for our nation the misery which the experience of the world shows has followed the patronage by the state of any particular religion:

"It is now solemnly resolved and declared that the imperial government of Dai Niphon will make no law prohibiting, either directly or indirectly, the free exercise of conscience or religious liberty within its dominions.

"And it is further solemnly resolved and declared that the organization of any religious order shall not be interfered with by either local or national authority, so long as such organization does not conflict with the laws of the state.

"And it is further solemnly resolved and declared that the law of the empire shall recognize no religious institution as special or different from any other kind of social institution.

"And it is further solemnly resolved and declared that no special privilege or favor shall be granted by either local or national authority to any particular sect or religious denomination without extending the same at once to every other.

"And it is further solemnly resolved and declared that no religious or ecclesiastical title or rank shall be conferred by the state upon any person belonging to any religious association.

"And it is further, and in conclusion, solemnly resolved and declared that no action which may promote religious animosity shall be permitted within the realm."

Contrary to the above statement, the *Weekly Mail*, which is published at Yokohama, Japan, declares that the old edicts against Christianity have not been withdrawn, and that the government has not done all that it claims to have done. It is likely that both statements are true—that the government vacillates in its policy, but with an ever-increasing tendency toward toleration.

The proposals of reunion from the Northern to the Southern Presbyterian Assembly were not acted upon by the latter body. Dr. E. Thompson Baird, of the Southern Presbyterian Church, reports to the *Herald and Presbyter* of Cincinnati that the project of reunion originated in St. Louis; that Drs. Palmer, Robinson, Wilson (of Columbia, South Carolina), himself, and many other leading men of the Southern Church had been written to; that while the whole Southern Church, so far as he knew, were favorable to a correspondence on friendly terms with the Northern Church, there were but two ministers that he was aware of who were in favor of organic union—Drs. Lyon and Ross; that Dr. Palmer replied to Dr. Brooks, as his reason for remaining apart, "We are a homogeneous body, and the Northern Church is a homogeneous body, but if we come together we shall not be homogeneous." On the other hand, the restoration of fraternal relations among the Baptists has made good progress. At the Jubilee Convention held in Richmond, Virginia, May 28, deputations from the Ohio, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts Baptists were present, and were cordially received. We may report that, on the whole, encouraging progress has been made this spring in restoring fraternal relations between the Christians of the Northern and Southern States.

The Jesuits have become quite active in Mexico. Some of the State Legislatures have voted for their expulsion, and a bill has been proposed in Congress for their expulsion from the entire republic.

A call has been issued by the Jews of Cincinnati for a union of the Jewish congregations of the West and South in the founding and maintenance of a Jewish Theological Institute. The conference of delegates will assemble in that city on the 8th of July.

The Protestant Episcopal diocese of New Jersey has entertained a resolution allowing women to vote at parish meetings. It was referred to a committee to report upon at the next Convention.

The Baptist Jubilee in Richmond was an occasion of more than ordinary interest. It was designed to commemorate the completion of the first fifty years of the history of the Baptist Association of Virginia. Nearly nineteen hundred delegates were present. It was stated in the address of welcome that there are one hundred and fifty thousand Baptists in the State. Dr. Curry, the president, delivered the memorial address, which was one of great power. It was announced that the memorial fund had reached $220,000; before adjournment the whole sum desired, $300,000, was pledged. The Jubilee was made memorable by the presence of representatives of other Baptist associations, who were received in the heartiest manner.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The weary school-boy shouts with gladness as waning June heralds July's coming. Not because he specially likes hot weather, except from association. Around the summer cluster memories of green fields, running brooks, waving forest trees—of fishing and hunting, and taking long exhilarating tramps. To him it brings freedom from the school-room, where, however studiously he may be inclined, he has felt physically cramped. He longs to toss books away, to run and shout, and make as much noise as he wishes without shocking any body's proprieties. He longs to get on his old clothes, wherein rents are of no account, and on which spots won't show, because they are already studded with spots of every hue. He longs for the merry out-door life, where his boy nature may have free play, where nobody will reprovingly say to him, "*Don't.*" Boys have too little sympathy from grown-up folks. Men forget that they once were boys, and women find it difficult to comprehend and make allowance for the restless, noisy activity of the growing boy. The repressive system bears hardly upon him, and he frets under the constant cropping of peculiarities which to the eye of the watchful parent or teacher are but the natural outgrowth of true and proper development. A judicious amount of gentle guidance and training every boy requires; but to hedge him about with myriads of rules is to rob his boyhood of all comfort and joy. Let parents notice the weary look on their children's faces—both boys and girls—as these last days of school, accompanied by the tedious examinations, drag on to a close. Lessen duties as far as possible, and be lenient toward all short-comings. Let the approaching summer vacation be as free and happy as it can be made, that the young folks may not lose all the joys of childhood while learning the lessons that are to fit them for maturer life.

It is an interesting fact that all the paper for government money is manufactured at the Glen Mills, near West Chester, Pennsylvania. Short pieces of red silk are mixed with the pulp in the engine, and a shower of short pieces of fine blue silk thread is dropped in streaks upon the paper while it is forming. The upper side, on which the blue silk is dropped, is the one used for the face of the notes, and, from the manner in which the threads are applied, must show them more distinctly than the lower or reverse side, although they are imbedded deeply enough to remain fixed.

The Vienna police are vigilant. When the Prince of Wales and his brother went to the Vienna Exposition an English detective was detailed to accompany them, and protect their royal pockets from Austrian thieves. One day the detective was arrested for pressing too closely upon the royal pair, and in spite of all explanations and protestations was committed to prison. This was the reward of strict attention to duty!

At West Springfield, Massachusetts, there is a trout preserve, where are congregated one hundred thousand trout in various stages of development. The ponds are supplied with water from the springs on hills near by. One pond, containing some six or seven thousand trout about two years old, is of unusual interest. The fishes seem to know their keeper perfectly, and will follow his steps the whole length of the pond, jumping eagerly for the food he throws to them.

The new Brooklyn Tabernacle, for the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's congregation, will be one of the largest churches in the country, being 150 feet by 112. It is believed that the best conditions have been secured for seeing and hearing, as well as for light and ventilation. Eight staircases are to communicate with the galleries, so constructed as to be outside and independent of the main building, and so as not to interfere with exit from the lower floor.

Cats are a maligned race. They are branded as thievish and treacherous. Their best efforts to be friendly and social are regarded with suspicion, and their attempts to serenade their friends receive decided rebuffs. Perhaps there is more good in the cat than she has had the credit of possessing. In proof of which supposition may be mentioned a cat of Springfield, Illinois, whose owner was accustomed to leave a kerosene lamp burning all night on a bracket in the hall. One night the lamp got out of order and the flame blazed up to the ceiling. The wise family cat saw the danger, jumped upon her master's pillow, and aroused him in time to save the house from destruction.

British sleeping-cars are divided into five separate compartments, having no communication with each other, but all accessible by the train attendant, who occupies one of the compartments with the baggage. The other four compartments are fitted up with all conveniences for travelers. The attendant may be signaled by bells in each compartment.

The Shah of Persia, during his visit at St. Petersburg, was to occupy the ground-floor of the famous Winter Palace. All the ministers, except the head of the War Department, accompanied him, and he desired to be followed by the entire regiment of his guard and his whole harem. It was finally arranged, however, that only three of his wives should join the trip. It may interest our readers to recall some facts respecting the Winter Palace, which was originally built in 1754 by the Empress Elizabeth. Eighty thousand workmen were employed in its construction. It occupies an area of four hundred thousand square feet, and has a front on the river Neva of seven hundred and twenty-one feet. The state apartments of this superb edifice are marvelously splendid. The banqueting hall, considered the finest apartment in the world, is one hundred and forty by sixty feet, surrounded by forty fluted marble pillars, supporting a gallery, along which runs a gilt bronze balustrade of exquisite design. At one end of the hall stands the imperial throne, covered with rich velvet embroidered with gold. About midnight on December 29, 1837, when the thermometer stood at twenty-two below the zero point of Fahrenheit, a fire suddenly broke out in this palace. The Emperor Alexander himself superintended the efforts used to extinguish the flames, but all was in vain to save the edifice, though many articles of great value were preserved. By extraordinary efforts, and at great sacrifice of life among the workmen, this palace rose from its ruins in one year. Most of the famous apartments were reproduced, among which is the White Saloon, so called because all its decorations are in pure white, relieved only by chaste gilding. This grand palace, the largest in the world, is the ordinary residence of the Russian court during the winter months, when it is estimated that from two to six thousand persons reside within its walls.

If ever you chance, gentle reader, to awake about four o'clock in the morning, you will hear such a concert as the feathered warblers vouchsafe to mortals at no other time of day. Every bird is out, pouring his best and loudest song. The air and earth are still, and the sweet cadences rise and swell in pleasing harmony. Now comes a bit of silence, and then follows a chirping chatter, as if the whole winged creation were in full consultation in regard to the programme for the day just opening. It is worth while to wake early, if it be only to listen to our sweet songsters.

Headache is the bane of many a person's life, and it arises from such a variety of causes that remedies are difficult to find. The following is said to be worth trying:

"Put a handful of salt into a quart of water, and one ounce of spirits of hartshorn and half an ounce of spirits of camphor. Put them quickly into a bottle, and cork tightly to prevent the escape of the spirits. Soak a piece of cloth with the mixture, and apply it to the head; wet the cloth afresh as soon as it gets heated."

Many towns in Maine are now attempting to establish a free high school within their borders. The State helps those who help themselves, by giving five hundred dollars to every town that will raise the same sum toward establishing such a school. The object will be to impart a superior English and scientific education. The grade of admission, which is to be determined by the town officers, is designed to be such as to admit the more advanced pupils of the public schools.

Local papers give some curious statistics concerning the graduates of the Girls' High School in Portland, Maine.

"The oldest member of the class is nineteen years of age; the youngest is fifteen; the average is seventeen. The tallest is 5 feet 7¼ inches; the shortest is exactly 5 feet; the average height is 5 feet 3¼ inches. There is only one curly-haired girl in the class. Brown in all shades is the prevailing color of the hair, seven only having light locks. The greatest length of tresses is 36 inches; the shortest, 7 inches; the average, 23 inches. The smallest glove worn is 5¾; the largest is 6¾. The smallest boot worn is No. 1; the average is 3½. The heaviest weight is 160; the lightest, 96; the average, 116.

The query arises, How did any body find out all these very interesting facts?

Some overcurious individual, having written to a San Francisco journal to inquire where Cain obtained his wife, is thus severely reproved:

"Upon any subject of a public nature we never refuse to throw the desired light. But this is altogether a different thing. It is a family matter, with which we do not care to meddle. Cain died some time before many of us were born, and such idle curiosity regarding the family affairs of a deceased person we regard as reprehensible, and calculated to violate the sanctities of domestic life."

Several of the different governments of South America have applied to the United States to have their silver and gold coin manufactured at our national mint, with their own distinctive designs, but of the same value as our own coin, so as to be interchangeable. If this coinage is authorized by Congress, it will do much toward producing an international money system.

Several ladies are said to have applied for admission to the Medical School at New Haven at the beginning of the current term, but were refused, the medical faculty unanimously resolving "that ladies would not be admitted to the Medical School until they were also admitted to the other departments of the university."

The latest Western invention is a writing machine, which will accomplish fifty words a minute. The operator sits before three or four rows of keys, marked with letters, figures, etc., and upon pressing one of these the letter is instantly recorded on a sheet of paper. This process must require considerable practice in order to perform expeditiously.

The English hangman, Calcraft, who has been in the public administration of justice for the past forty years, is about to resign his office. Having accumulated an independent fortune, he concludes to abandon his profession; and evidently he is not troubled with any twinges of conscience or sentimental sensitiveness in the remembrance of the lives which have been brought to a termination through his instrumentality. Some allusion having been made in his presence to "killing men," he exclaimed, "Who kills a man! I never killed any body. They kill themselves; it is their own weight as does it."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The *Weather Chronicle* of the Army Signal-office for the week ending June 11 gives the following interesting details of the weather: Two storms are reported as having moved over the United States; one of these is now central over the valley of the St. Lawrence. The rain-fall is reported as amounting to the large quantity of five and four-tenths inches at Mobile, and to four inches at Montgomery, Alabama, and St. Louis, Missouri. Cloudy and rainy weather seem to have especially prevailed throughout the upper lake region and the Mississippi Valley; dry weather on the Atlantic coast. From the abundant reports of the heights and changes in the rivers, we gather that in general the western tributaries of the Mississippi River are rising, while those on the east side have fallen. The Mississippi is itself lower in its southern half, but rising in its upper portion.

The fishery bill which has lately passed the Legislature of Michigan provides for the appointment of two residents of the State, who, with the Governor, shall constitute a Board of Commissioners of Fisheries, and who shall be in charge of every thing connected with the preservation of the fish and fisheries of the State. A suitable location is to be selected for a State fish-breeding establishment, and for which the appointment of a superintendent, at a salary of $1200 a year, is authorized. An appropriation of $7500 is made for the year 1873, and a similar sum for the year 1874. The Commissioners are to receive the amount of actual expenses incurred while in the discharge of their duty, but no salary.

The Governor of the State, J. J. Bagley, is, *ex officio*, one of the Commissioners, and chairman of the board. The others, appointed by him, are Mr. George H. Jerome, of Niles, secretary, and Mr. George Clark, of Ecorse.

An eminent geographer, in the person of Mr. John Arrowsmith, died on the 2d of May last, in his eighty-fourth year. From an early age Mr. Arrowsmith was interested in the collection and publication of maps of various kinds, some of them of great magnitude and perfection. At first he was associated in business with an uncle, but from 1839 to 1861 he had charge of the old establishment, and was instrumental in producing works relating to the geography of almost every portion of the world.

Professor Hill announces to the American *Journal of Science* the discovery of pitchblende in large quantity near Central City, Colorado. Several tons of the ore, containing fifty per cent. of uranium oxide, have already been shipped to England. It has, so far, brought a price of one dollar per pound. Another mine in the vicinity has also produced considerable quantities of a tellurium ore, containing gold and silver, and also a small percentage of lead.

Owing to the decided differences of opinion that have recently been expressed by various astronomers in England as to the advisability of attempting to occupy a station on the antarctic continent for the observation of the approaching transit of Venus, there have been published in the English daily papers, as well as in the scientific journals, some very excellent articles on the application of the two methods of determining the sun's distance, known respectively as Halley's method and Delisle's method. The former astronomer in 1716 explained his method, according to which observations were made on the transits of Venus in the years 1761 and 1769. This method requires, principally, an accurate knowledge only of the latitude of the observer's station, and the duration of the transit across the sun's disk. Delisle's method requires an accurate knowledge of the longitude of the station, and the exact time of ingress or egress. These latter conditions are somewhat more difficult to fulfill, but Airy thinks that, owing to the favorable position of the earth, and the perfection of modern observations, it can be applied with advantage at the transit of 1874. Mr. Proctor seems to establish the fact that while the preceding opinion of Mr. Airy is doubtless correct, yet that eminent astronomer is mistaken in thinking that in 1874 Halley's method is not specially practicable, as he, on the contrary, shows that there are fortunately some conditions highly favorable to its application. It must, however, be confessed that the successful application of Halley's method depends to a considerable extent on observations to be made in the extreme southern portion of the Pacific Ocean, and, if possible, on the antarctic continent. A very considerable interest is manifested in England in reference to the scientific expedition, which ought, as Mr. Proctor urges, to be sent to the antarctic regions.

Mr. Scott, of the Meteorological Office, and Professor J. D. Hooker have communicated some details of the climate of Possession Island, in latitude 72° south. According to these eminent authorities, there is but slight chance that scientific instruments can be safely landed upon those barren rocks; and, when landed, it seems probable that the continued cloud and storm would entirely prevent any successful astronomical observations.

Professor Hooker, who was there in 1841, states that "inconceivable myriads of penguins completely and densely covered the whole surface of the island, attacking us vigorously as we waded through their ranks, and the insupportable stench from the deep beds of guano, which had been forming for ages, made us glad to get away." Penguins are not remarkably good eating, and it is to be hoped that the American observers in the southern hemisphere may find some better place than Possession Island.

In the operations on the part of the general government and of the New England States for securing salmon spawn for stocking our rivers and lakes, six hundred salmon were caught and preserved alive in the summer of 1872 by Mr. Charles G. Atkins at Bucksport, Maine. These were kept penned up for several months until November, at which time their eggs were ripe for treatment. But few of these fish were injured in the operation, and the rest were returned alive into the waters. Some of them immediately passed down to the sea, and others remained during the winter, and proceeded to the sea in the early spring.

For the purpose of determining certain questions connected with the rate of growth and the periodicity of return of these fish, Mr. Atkins took the trouble to affix to each, before liberating it, a tag of silver or platinum, upon which was impressed a distinctive number. The tags were oval, and about half an inch in length, attached in some cases to a band encircling the tail, and in others by a wire to the large back fin. A list was made indicating the weight and date of each fish; and Mr. Atkins has issued a circular, under date of April 22, asking that any salmon taken during the present season with one of these tags attached be sent to him for examination. He offers the market value, according to the weight, for each fish, and a bonus of $3, on their being sent to Bucksport. It is much to be hoped that fishermen and others who may come into possession of these fish may not fail to comply with Mr. Atkins's request, as the questions to be answered by the comparison of their condition with that of last year are of the utmost practical importance.

The April number of *The Lens*, the organ of the State Microscopical Society of Illinois, contains the first part of a monograph of the diatoms, by Professor Hamilton L. Smith, of Geneva, who has long been engaged in investigations of this group of objects, and contemplates the publication of an elaborate work, to which the papers of *The Lens* are introductory. The present memoir is accompanied by several plates, illustrating a large number of species, among them a few that are new to science.

We had occasion, not long since, to chronicle the death of Lady Lyell, the wife of Sir Charles Lyell, and we now have to announce that Professor Owen has experienced a similar loss, in the death of Mrs. Owen, who was the only daughter of the late Mr. William Clift, the first curator of the Hunterian Museum, and an intimate friend of Mr. John Hunter.

Commodore Selfridge has returned to the Navy Department at Washington, bringing with him the materials for presenting a detailed report of his explorations upon the Isthmus of Darien during the past winter in reference to the construction of an interoceanic ship-canal. The result of his inquiries has been much more favorable than was anticipated, and it is now estimated that only twenty-eight miles of canal need be constructed, the remainder of the distance consisting of the perfectly navigable waters of the Atrato, Doguado, and Napipi rivers. A tunnel will still be necessary, as estimated on a previous exploration, but this will only require to be three miles in length, instead of five, and it is estimated that the entire distance can be completed at a cost of less than $70,000,000. Twenty-two miles of the canal are over an almost level plain, and only nine locks in all will be needed.

Physical science has lately lost a valuable representative in the death of Professor Christian Hansteen, who died at Christiania on the 28th of April last, at the advanced age of eighty-nine. As long ago as 1816 he was director of the Astronomical and Physical Observatory of Christiania, and since then he has been ranked among the highest authorities in terrestrial magnetism, in this respect sharing the pre-eminence of General Sabine.

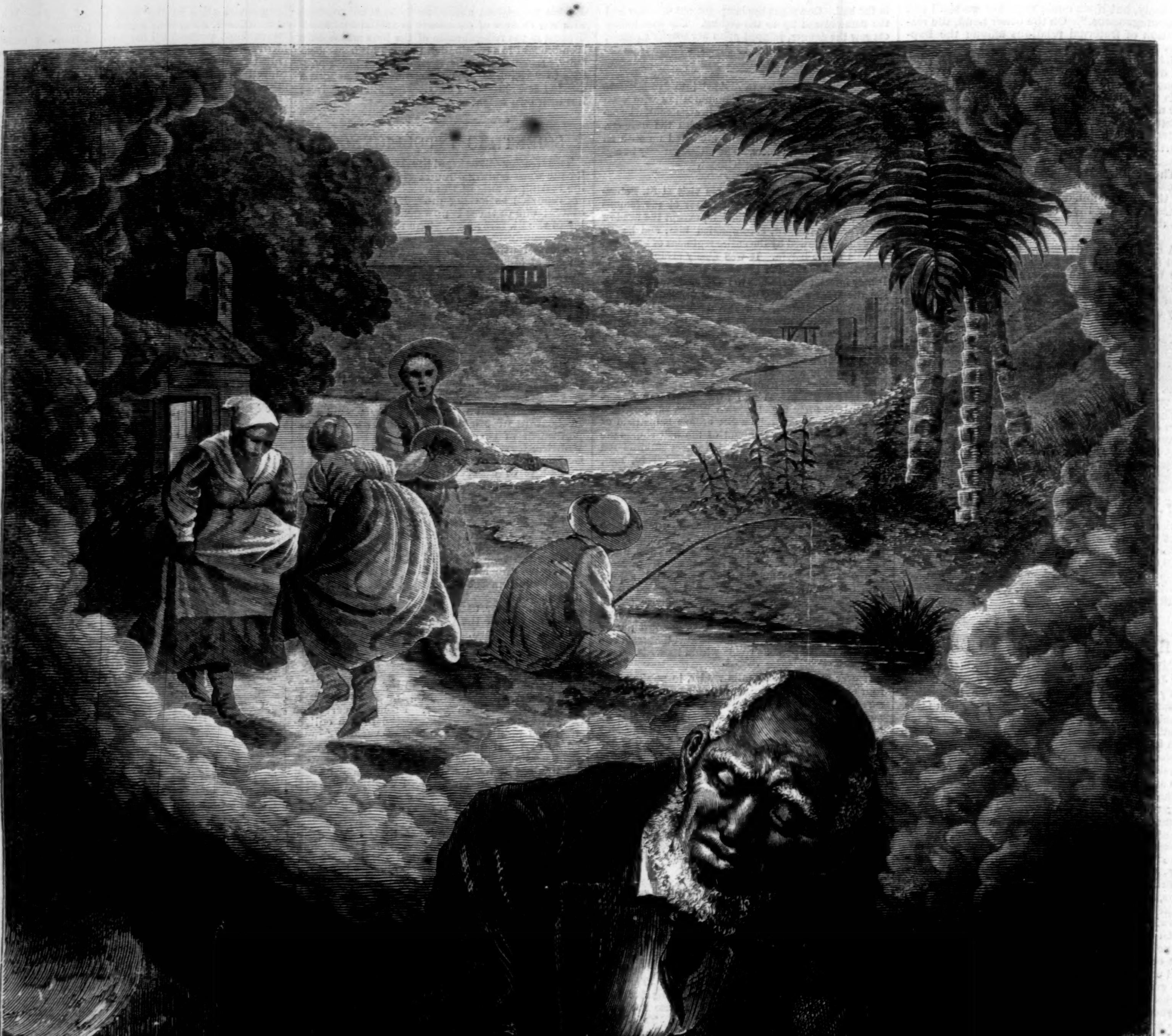
Dr. Henry Bence Jones, long known as a specialist in various branches of science more or less connected with the medical profession, died in London on the 20th of April last, at the age of sixty. In addition to a large number of special treatises published by Dr. Jones, he communicated papers to the transactions of the Royal and Medico-Chirurgical societies, to the *Philosophical Magazine*, the journal of the Chemical Society, and to other media of publication.

Professor Carus, the eminent German naturalist, long connected with the University of Leipsic, has been selected to fill the chair of Professor Wyville Thomson during the period of his absence with the *Challenger*, which will probably continue for several years. He entered upon his duties on the 2d of May by an address on the study of zoology; and, according to *Nature*, he is fully convinced that "the final form of our zoological system will be a pedigree."

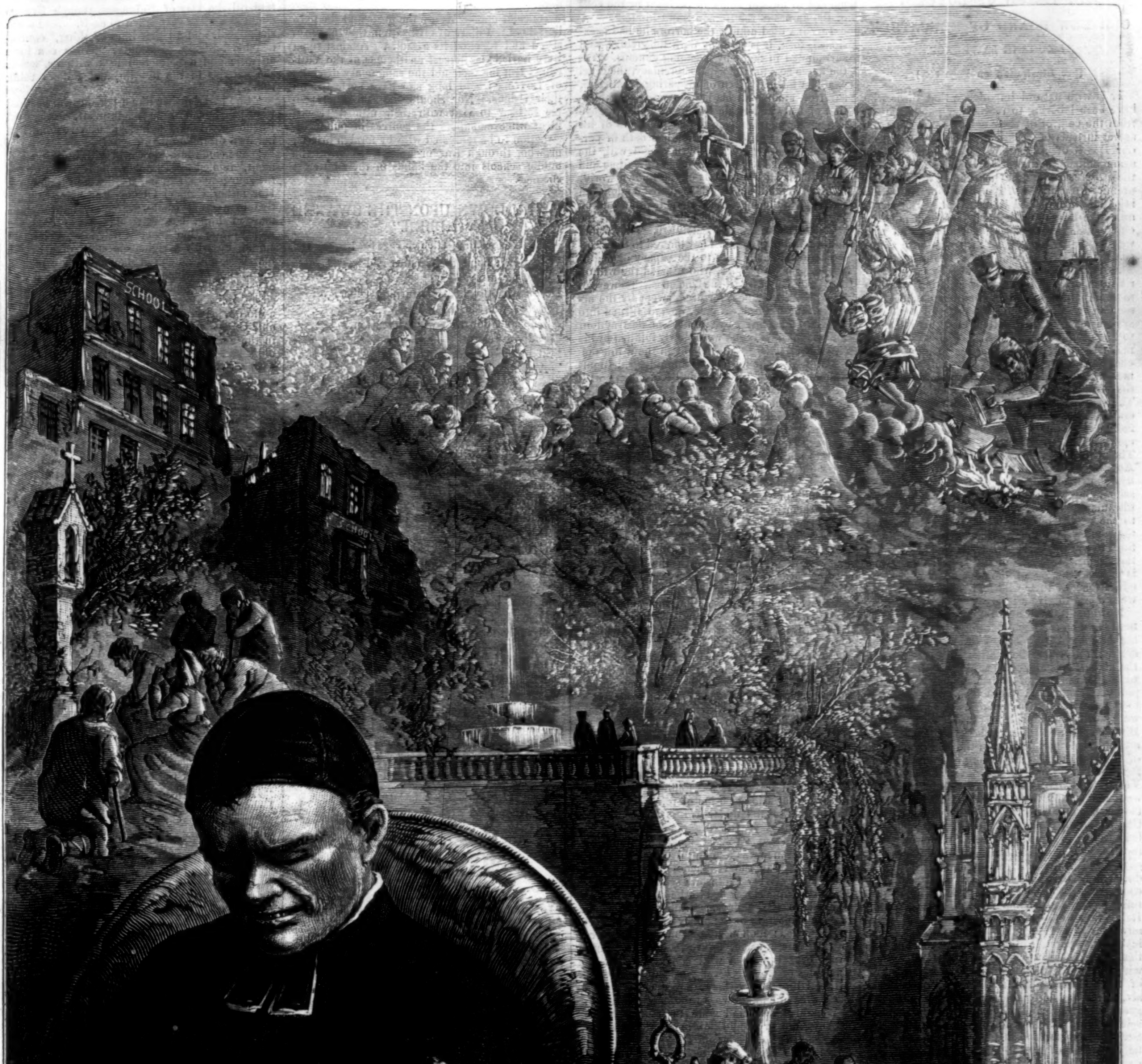
Dr. Robert, of Paris, calls attention to the fact of the existence in Iceland of chipped flint in considerable variety and of prehistoric age, or decidedly anterior to the discovery of the island in 861 by the pirate Nadodd.

According to the Panama *Star and Herald*, Mr. Henry Meiggs Keith has just executed a contract with the government of Nicaragua for the construction of a railroad which is to put Leon in connection with the port of Corinto. This, it is understood, will not interfere with the work on the Costa Rica railroad, commenced some time ago under his direction.

Mr. Leigh Smith, who has interested himself for several years past in the explorations of the Northern seas, especially those of Spitzbergen, is again early in the field, in continuing his labors for 1873. He has chartered Mr. Lamont's steam-yacht *Diana*, in which he recently left Dundee, accompanied by a crew of twenty men, and some gentlemen who propose to follow his fortunes through the summer. He proceeds direct to Cobb's Bay, on the northwestern side of Spitzbergen, where he expects to meet his own sailing yacht, the *Sampson*, which was dispatched from Hull on the 1st of May, under command of Captain Walker. Thence he intends to push as far northward as possible, and, as before, to make full collections in natural history, and the appropriate observations upon tides and currents. The *Sampson* will be left at this point as a relief, to which the party may proceed in the event of any disaster to the *Diana*.


SWANEE RIBBER

"WAY DOWN UPON THE SWANEE RIBBER."—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 554.]



THE VISION OF LOYOLA—OUR NEW BOARD OF EDUCATION.—[See Article on Page 554.]

THE VISION OF LOYOLA.

OUR NEW BOARD OF EDUCATION.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

[See Illustration on Page 553.]

It is with natural impatience that those who have been laboring to rescue our public schools from the control of their enemies and from the secret inroads of Jesuitism await the action of our Board of Education. They fear that the same influences that have so long endangered the progress of public instruction are still supreme in our midst. The Board of Education is plainly intimidated or deceived. The clerk, an active Roman Catholic, upon whom falls the chief guidance of educational affairs, and who was appointed by the bad men who have so recently been driven from power, is still retained. The president of the board, who by family connections, or by his personal associations with the most important of all the chief foes of education, seems scarcely fitted to administer an American system of public instruction, lends his influence to keep the clerk in office. No effort has been made to reform the schools, or to improve the character of the teachers. The only important measure suggested by the new board was one that awakened universal alarm and indignation. They entertained a project of lowering the teachers' salaries. They have already ventured to reduce the salaries in the Primary Department. The schools are still in extreme danger. They are still left in the hands of their enemies. And the vigorous illustration of our artist, who has shown in his vision of Loyola the ruined school-house as the highest achievement of ultramontane politics, may serve as a warning to the people of what they may expect should they suffer the interests of education to be sacrificed to the intrigues of subtle priests and ambitious politicians. The chief aim of the Jesuits is the destruction of the American system of education: of their wild and sanguinary visions we propose to give a brief sketch.

Nowhere did the first impulses of the Reformation find a more general welcome than among the intelligent Italians. In the opening of the sixteenth century the Italian intellect, then in the highest splendor of its achievements, covered with the renown of artists, poets, historians, philosophers, turned with extraordinary interest to the search for a purer faith. The Scriptures were zealously studied in Naples and Rome; Bible classes and Bible readers, prayer-meetings and religious societies, were the common traits of the Italian cities; a throng of cultivated reformers sprang up throughout the peninsula; Vittoria Colonna and Michael Angelo were touched by the new impulse; priests and monks began to preach the purification of the Church, and it seemed that the nation which had led the way in the civilization of barbarous Europe; which had been the first to cultivate science, letters, and art; which had already produced a Dante, an Ariosto, a Michael Angelo—was to become no less the leader in the reform of the Christian Church. To such an Italy—how different from the fallen nation at any later period!—came Loyola and his fanatical followers, and, in 1541, perfected at Rome that secret society whose malarious blight fell with an utter desolation upon the rising progress of the Italians. Letters, science, knowledge, art, were crushed by the fires of fanaticism; the great painters found no successors, the men of science were stricken down with Galileo, the Scriptures were banished from Italy, and the fiery tortures of the Inquisition consumed the purest and the wisest of the Italians.

Maddened by wild visions and squalid penances, sometimes depressed to the brink of self-destruction, and sometimes exhilarated with no healthy joy by the prospects of celestial comforters, now threatened by the fangs of a thousand demons, and now basking in the smiles of the Queen of Heaven, Loyola, the prophet of Jesuitism, came up to Rome, the destroyer of Italy. He believed himself destined to be the restorer of the papacy. He would rebuild the shattered fabric of the tottering Church, and enforce a universal empire of the papal rule amidst the wrecks of nations. But it was not by the arts of peace or of gentle suasion that Loyola hoped to revive the authority of the Roman See. One of his first acts after the founding of his society was to urge the establishment of an Inquisition at Rome, whose authority should extend to all nations, and which should execute the decrees against heresy wherever the Catholic armies reached. It was by persecution that he designed to perfect his sombre vision of the rule of an undivided Church. The Roman Inquisition was at once founded. The Pope became at last its head, and still wears the title of Grand Inquisitor. A building and implements of torture were provided. Rome soon rang with the shrieks of perishing victims. The smoke of many an auto-da-fe arose before the Church of the Holy Mary. Heresy was extirpated with a terrible energy. The inquisitors chased their victims through all the flourishing cities of Italy. The Bibles were burned, the Bible readers hid in terror, the prayer-meetings were dissolved forever, and the vision of Loyola was swiftly fulfilled. Through Bologna and Ancona, Florence and Turin, were seen terrified throngs of the suspected hastening to the borders of friendly Switzerland or Germany by night in strange disguises, and suspicious even of each other. The Inquisition was an instrument of robbery as well as of torture: the goods of the heretics were seized by the inquisitors; the cities were filled with informers, who preyed upon the opulent and despoiled the poor; and in that sad spectacle of human infamy and woe that followed the advent of Loyola at Rome the prosperity of Italy died forever, and the best and purest of its people fled to foreign lands, or perished in the cells or the flames of the Roman Inquisition.

Loyola died amidst the horrors he had occasioned, torn, it is said, by dark misgivings, and surrounded in fancy by avenging demons. Yet the fierce zeal for the papal supremacy, the cruel example he had given of unsparing fanaticism, survived among all his followers. The subjection of Italy and Spain by torture and fire gave a happy encouragement to the members of his society. Bound by their relentless oath of perfect obedience, governed by a single will, the Jesuits pressed out into the heart of Europe and into almost all the regions of the known world, resolved to fulfill the objects of their founder, and to complete the supremacy of their order and of the Pope. Nothing would content them but the complete destruction of the heretics. They would admit no compromise. They offered to the Protestant world submission to the papacy or death. Kings, princes, nations, who resisted the will of the vicegerent of God—the God on earth—were to be crushed, wounded, tortured, swept by the armies of the faithful, ravaged, wasted, turned into deserts, and scarred by the fires of destruction. The visions of Loyola were slowly fulfilled by his followers. The Jesuits fought in the armies of Charles V., the heralds of the universal Inquisition, and filled Augsburg and Nuremberg with desolation. With the armies of Alva they flocked into the Netherlands; and how nearly the hopes of Loyola had been perfected in the unutterable woes of the heroic Hollanders history has often essayed to tell, yet never has been able to describe horrors that pass human language. Amidst the massacre and the ruin the Jesuits hovered over the wasted land, like unclean birds, omens of the sufferings of mankind. But the brave Dutch drove them off, and in the preservation of Holland began the slow vengeance of Heaven on the persecuting Church.

Defeated in the Netherlands, except in their capacity to inflict mischief, in the next century they swarmed over Germany, and under the shelter of their scholar and protector, Ferdinand II., beheld a desolation that might well have satisfied the gloomy cruelty of Loyola. The Thirty Years' War was the natural fruit of the teachings of the pitiless saint. It was an effort to extend the Roman Inquisition over all the land of Luther. The fierce vision went on fulfilling. One-half the people of Germany perished in the contest awakened by the Jesuits. Yet they were driven back with a dreadful overthrow. They next essayed to perfect the authority of their order in France. Loyola had taught that no mercy was to be shown to the heretic, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew had followed close upon the establishment of the complete subjection of Italy. It was followed in the next century, after a long period of toleration, by the rule of the Jesuits under Louis XIV. and the frightful orgies of the dragonades. Père La Chaise and Le Tellier looked on unmoved while all France was weeping over the sufferings and the exile of the Huguenots. The Jesuits triumphed. Every Protestant school was closed. The Protestant clergy fled to the deserts, or were chained to the galleys. France sank into a gloomy subjection to the policy of Loyola. Its intellect died; its honesty and moral purity were lost, it would seem, forever. The revolution swept over it with a wild convulsion, but the principles of Loyola—religious intolerance and political immorality—have never ceased to be the source of endless woes to unhappy France.

Wherever they had gone, in Asia or Africa, in Abyssinia or Hindostan, in Mexico, Peru, or Paraguay, the disciples of Loyola had never forgotten to plant the Roman Inquisition, the favored scheme of their founder, and to rule by intolerable persecutions. The enemies of all liberal culture, the foes of popular education, intellect died wherever their power extended, and scholars, artists, men of science and of thought, perished in the cells of the Holy Office. A great overthrow fell upon the ambitious order in the close of the last century; it was revived in the opening of the present, and the same sanguinary and destructive aims which have ruled it from the beginning have accompanied it in all its progress. Loyola had taught the infallibility and the supremacy of the Pope. The Council of Trent refused to enforce his dangerous doctrines, intimidated by the menacing aspect of all Europe; but at the last great Council the vision of Loyola seemed perfectly fulfilled, and in the ominous summer of 1870, when France was preparing its legions to sweep over divided Germany, when M'Mahon and Bazaine seemed ready to devastate the strongholds of the Protestant faith, the doctrines of Loyola were proclaimed from the walls of Rome. Had Germany fallen, the vicegerent of Heaven would have ruled over the desolate land, and the Roman Inquisition might have fixed its authority wherever the French arms prevailed. Had M'Mahon conquered at Wörth, it would have been the triumph of fanaticism and the death of modern civilization.

Yet, amidst all their disasters, the Jesuits still foster the delusions or the dreams of their founder. They still hope to blot out forever the Protestant free school and the Protestant Church. Jesuit journals openly predict that, amidst the wreck of European dynasties, the Pope must yet reign as the only sovereign of Europe. Jesuit politicians boldly foretell the ruin of the American republic, and labor to make good their prophecy. The sanguinary schemes of their half-maddened founder are still inculcated in every Jesuit school. The Pope is still the Grand Inquisitor. The heretics are spared, we are assured by the London *Tablet*, only because they are in a dangerous majority. And with a singular pertinacity, unequaled in history, this secret society has abandoned none of the principles it held three centuries ago: is still plotting the desolation of Europe, and the ruin of transatlantic freedom.

Its chief opponents are the press and the public school. Pillars of civilization, they have resisted and repelled its assaults. Against them were hurled the fiercest anathemas of the Vatican. But for their aid the sanguinary disciples of Loyola would long ago have perfected all their visions. Nor should the American people forbear to visit with their utmost resentment whoever suffers the sources of public instruction to be tampered with by foreign priests, or who, through fear or ambition, betrays the public schools into the hands of their bitterest enemies.

"WAY DOWN UPON THE SWANEE RIBBER."

[See Illustration on Page 552.]

Way down upon the Swanee ribber,
  Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
  Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
  Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
  And for de old folks at home.
    All de world am sad and dreary,
      Ebry where I roam;
    Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,
      Far from de old folks at home!

All round de little farm I wandered
  When I was young;
Den many happy days I squandered,
  Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder
  Happy was I.
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
  Dere let me live and die.
    All de world am sad and dreary, etc.

One little hut among de bushes,
  One dat I love,
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
  No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
  All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming
  Down in my good old home?
    All de world am sad and dreary, etc.

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book the Third.

CHAPTER III.

"Lorsqu'un homme s'ennuie et qu'il sent qu'il est las
De traîner le boulet au bagne d'ici bas,
Dès qu'il se fait sauter, qu'importe la manière?"

Elizabeth's manner that evening was just a little colder and quieter than usual. No unwonted flutter of her spirits betrayed the fact that the current of her life had been suddenly turned into a new channel. She had suffered her lover to accompany her to the edge of that suburb in which the Boroughbridge road was situated, and had there dismissed him.

"I may come to see you to-morrow, mayn't I?" he pleaded. He had been trying to make her fix an early date for their marriage all the way along the dusky lane.

"We must be married and have our wedding-tour over before the Derby, you know," he said, persuasively. "You don't care much about the touring business, do you? I'm sure I don't. I never could understand why newly married people should be sent to stare at mountains, and do penance in musty old cathedrals, as if they'd done something wicked, and were obliged to work it out somehow before they could get absolution. A week at Malvern would be about our figure; or, if we had tolerable weather, I could take you as far as Malta in the *Leprachaun.*"

"You are in a great hurry to settle matters; but when I promised to marry you, just now, I said nothing about the date of our marriage."

"But that goes without saying. I've served my apprenticeship. You're not going to turn round upon me like Laban, and offer me one of your sisters, or make me work seven years longer. And if you have made up your mind to marry me, it can't matter to you whether it's soon or late."

"What will Lady Paulyn say?" asked Elizabeth, with a little laugh. There was something pleasant in the idea of that wily matron's mortification.

"My mother will be rabid," said the dutiful son; "but so she would whomsoever I married, unless it was for bullion. It was a good joke her coming to try and choke you off with that story about Sarah Ramsay. Yes; my mother will be riled."

"And Miss Disney? do you think she will be pleased?"

The Viscount was not so prompt in his answer this time.

"Hilda," he said, meditatively: "well, I don't know. But I suppose she'll be rather glad. It 'll give her a home, you see, by-and-by, when my mother goes off the hooks. She couldn't have lived with me if I'd been single."

"Of course not. We shall have Miss Disney to live with us, then, by-and-by?"

"In the natural course of events, yes. My mother can't go on nursing the Ashcombe estate till the Day of Judgment, though I've no doubt she'd like very much to do it. And when she's dead, and all that kind of thing," continued his lordship, pleasantly, "Hilda can have an attic and a knife and fork with us, unless she marries in the interim, and I don't think that's likely."

"She looks rather like a person who has had what people call 'a disappointment,'" suggested Elizabeth, wincing a little as she remembered her own disappointment.

"She came into the world with a disappointment," replied Lord Paulyn. "Her mother ate the sour grapes, and her teeth were set on edge. Her father, Colonel Disney, was heir-presumptive to a great estate, when my aunt Sybilla married him; but when his uncle died, six months after the Colonel's marriage, a claimant sprang up with a rigmarole story of a Scotch marriage, and no end of documentary evidence, the upshot of which was that after a good deal of Scotch law, and pursuing and defending and so on, the claimant—a black-muzzled lad with a dip of the tar-brush—walked over the course, and Hilda's father was left with a large fortune in the hands of the Jews, in the shape of post-obits and accommodation bills. He ran away with a French opera-dancer soon afterward, in a fit of disgust with society. My aunt and Hilda were left to drag on somehow upon a pittance which my grandfather, a stingy old beggar, had settled upon his daughter when she married. When my aunt died, Hilda came to live with my mother, and has had a very pleasant time of it ever since, I make no doubt."

They parted at the beginning of the villas that were dotted along the first half mile or so of the Boroughbridge road, giving a trim suburban aspect to this side of Hawleigh. There were even gas-lamps, macadam, and a general aspect of inhabitedness very different from the narrow lanes and rugged common on the other side of the town. This new neighborhood was the West End of Hawleigh.

"I shall come to see you to-morrow," repeated Lord Paulyn, reluctant to depart. "And mind, every thing must be over and done with before May. Do you remember the first Derby we were at together, nearly two years ago? Jolly, wasn't it? I've got a new team for the drag—spankers. I've set my heart upon your seeing Young Englander win. Hadn't you better write to Mrs. Chevenix? She's the woman to do our business. If you trust every thing to your sisters, they'll be a twelvemonth muddling about it."

"We have plenty of time for discussing these arrangements, without standing in the high-road to do so," said Elizabeth, impatiently. "If I had known you were going to worry me, I should never have said what I did just now. After all, it was only said on the impulse of the moment. I may change my mind to-morrow morning."

"Oh no, you won't. I won't stand any thing of that kind. I am not like that parson fellow. Once having got you, I mean to keep you. I think I deserve some reward for holding on as I've done. You mustn't talk any more about throwing me over; that's past and done with."

"Then you mustn't worry me," said Elizabeth, with a faint sigh of utter weariness. "So now good-night for the last time. It is past seven o'clock, and my sisters will think I am lost. I almost wonder they haven't sent the bellman after me."

And thus they parted, without the kiss of betrothal, which Miss Luttrell would not consent to receive in the high-road. But he had kissed her once in the lane; passionate lips pressed against unwilling lips, typical of that union which was to be no union; only self-interest and selfish short-lived passion going hand in hand.

"Oh dear," thought Elizabeth, as she went in at the little garden gate, and knocked with the doll's-house knocker on the doll's-house door, "what a tiresome thing it is to be engaged!"

She had thought very differently two years ago, when her willing head rested for the first time on Malcolm Forde's breast, and a supreme contentment, which seemed more of heaven than of earth, descended on her soul—a perfect restfulness, like the serene stillness of a rescued vessel that lies at anchor in some sheltered harbor after long battling with wind and waves.

"How he begins to worry me already!" she thought of her new master. "I foresee that he will make me do whatever he likes, unless he goes too far and rouses the spirit of opposition in me. But Gertrude and Diana will not be able to crow over me any longer, that is one comfort. And I have done with small rooms and small income, that is another."

Her sisters had drunk tea and dismissed the urn and tea-pot, and a cold and somewhat sloppy cup of their favorite beverage had been set aside for her on a little tray. She smiled involuntarily as she threw off her hat, and sat down in a corner to sip the cold tea, thinking how, in a very short time, pompous serving-men would hasten to administer to her wants, and her coming in and going out would be an affair of importance to a vast household. She sat in her corner looking listlessly at her sisters, grouped round the lamp, and engaged in their usual avocations, and could not help feeling that it was really very good of her to endure these small surroundings even for the moment.

"Where have you been all this time, Lizzie?" exclaimed Blanche, looking up from the construction of some futility in bead-work. "At the Melvins', I suppose, kettle-drumming?"

"No; I went for a longer walk than usual, and forgot how late it was."

"And have been roaming about alone after dark," said Gertrude, with a horrified look. "Really, Elizabeth, if you must indulge your eccentric taste for solitary rambles, you might at least respect the opinion of the world so far as to gratify your strange taste within reasonable hours."

"I have no respect for the opinion of the world. I have outraged it once, and perhaps may outrage it again."

"Which way did you go?" asked the pacific Blanche, anxious to change the subject.

"Toward Ashcombe."

"I wonder when Lord Paulyn is to be married," said Diana, contemplating some grand effect in a square inch of point lace.

"Rather soon, I believe."

"Where did you hear that? Come now, you must have been calling somewhere, or you would not have heard the news."

"I have not been calling any where, but I have reason to believe Lord Paulyn is going to be married, and rather soon."

"There's nothing new in that," said Diana; "the dowager told us as much."

"Would you like to be bride-maids on the occasion, all of you?" asked Elizabeth.

"What, bride-maids to that horrid Miss Ramsay!" cried Blanche.

"No, not to Miss Ramsay—but to me."

The youngest and most energetic of the Luttrells sprang from her seat, very nearly overturning the moderator lamp in her excitement.

"To you! Oh, you darling, have you been cheating us all this time, and are you really going to be a great lady, and present us all at court, and give no end of balls and parties? It's too good to be true."

"And as we had no ground for such an idea yesterday, when you were full of your Continental wanderings, I really can't understand why we are to believe in such a thing to-night," observed Gertrude, the pragmatical, with a spiteful look.

"Can't you? There are some people in whose lives great changes seem to happen by accident. The accident of a wicked anonymous letter helped to break off my engagement with Mr. Forde"—with a keen glance at her eldest sister. "A chance meeting with Lord Paulyn this evening on the Roman bridge has altered my plans for going to Normandy. He made me an offer again to-night, for the third time in his life, and—"

"And you accepted him," said Diana. "You must have been nearer idiotcy than I should like to think a Luttrell could be, if you rejected him."

"But there is such a thing as constancy even to an idea," said Gertrude. "I should have thought Elizabeth would have cared more for the memory of Malcolm Forde than for worldly advantages."

"No," answered Elizabeth, defiantly, "I am not so slavish as to go on breaking my heart about a man forever. And living screwed up in this box of a house has taught me the value of surroundings."

"You will go to live at Ashcombe, I suppose," suggested Gertrude, "with the dowager and Miss Disney? I can fancy how nice that will be for you."

"I shall do nothing of the kind. I mean to live in the world, in the very centre of the great whirlpool—to go spinning round perpetually in the fashionable maelstrom."

"A hazardous life for the welfare of an immortal soul," said Gertrude.

"I have ceased to care for my soul since Malcolm gave me up. Indeed, I have a suspicion that my soul ceased to exist when he went away, leaving only some kind of mechanism in its place."

CHAPTER IV.

Hoyden. "This very morning my lord told me I should have two hundred a year to buy pins. Now, nurse, if he gives me two hundred a year to buy pins, what do you think he'll give me to buy fine petticoats?"

Nurse. "Oh, my dearest, he deceives thee foully, and he's no better than a rogue for his pains. These Londoners have got a gibberish with 'em would confound a gypsy. That which they call pin-money is to buy their wives every thing in the varsal world, down to their very shoe-ties."

Unbounded was the rapture of Mrs. Chevenix when she received the unlooked-for tidings of Elizabeth's engagement. She wrote at once, urging that the wedding should take place in London. "It will be just the height of the season," she said, "and every body in town. Gertrude, Di, and Blanche can come up with you. I will stretch a point, and find rooms for all of you. You could not possibly be married from that footy little house in the Boroughbridge road. And there will be your trousseau, you know, dear, a most serious question; for of course every thing must be in the highest style; and I really doubt whether Cerise, whose real name, by-the-bye, I have lately discovered to be Jones, is quite up to the mark for this occasion. She suits me very well, but I have lately discovered a want of originality in her style; so I think the better way would be to order your superior dinner and evening dresses from Paris, and give Cerise only the secondary ones. Believe me, my dear child, I shall not shrink from expense, but we will not fall into that foolish trick of ordering more dresses than you could wear in six months, ignoring the almost hourly changes of fashion. As Lord Paulyn's wife, you will, of course, have unlimited means. By-the-way, as you have really no responsible male relative, the arrangement of settlements will devolve upon me. My lawyers, Messrs. Pringle and Scrupress, are well up in that kind of work, and will, I am sure, protect your interests as carefully as if you were the daughter of their oldest and most important client."

This subject, thus mooted for the first time in Mrs. Chevenix's letter, was destined to cause a good deal of argument and unpleasantness between the aunt and niece.

"I will have no settlement," said Elizabeth, resolutely. "I take nothing to him, except sixty or seventy pounds a year, and he shall not be asked to settle ever so many hundreds upon me. I will not *quite* sell myself. Of course he will give me fine dresses and all I can want to make a brilliant figure in his own world. He has been patient enough and devoted enough for me to trust my interests to him. It stands to reason that I shall always have as much money as I can spend. He is overflowing with riches, and as his wife I shall have a right to my share of them. But I will not allow any one to ask him to name the price that he is willing to give for me. It shall not be quite a matter of buying and selling."

"Very high-flown notions, and worthy of the most self-willed, unreasonable young woman that ever lived," exclaimed Mrs. Chevenix, in a rage. "But I suppose you would hardly wish your children to starve. You will not object to *their* interests being provided for by people who know a little more about life than you do, self-opinionated as you may be."

"My children!" said Elizabeth, turning very pale. Could there be children, the very sanctification and justification of marriage, for her and for Reginald Paulyn, who in marriage sought only the gratification of their own selfish and sordid desires? "*My* children! I can hardly fancy that I shall ever hear a voice call me mother. I seem so unfit to have little children loving me and trusting in me, in their blind childish way," she added, dreamily. And then, with a more practical air, "Do what you please to protect their interests, auntie, in case Lord Paulyn should gamble away all his wealth on the race-course; but remember, for me myself not a penny."

Nor was this an idle protest. She took care to give the family solicitors the same injunctions; and as Lord Paulyn was not a man to insist on extreme generosity in the preliminary arrangements of his marriage, he did not dispute her will. So certain estates were settled upon such younger sons as Elizabeth might hereafter bring to her husband, and certain smaller properties were charged with the maintenance of daughters; but the wife herself was left subject to the husband's liberality. Mrs. Chevenix shook her head ominously.

"Was there ever any thing so foolish? After what we have seen of that old woman, too!" she added, with somewhat disrespectful mention of her niece's future mother-in-law.

Their knowledge of the dowager was certainly not calculated to inspire any exalted hope of the son's generosity. Yet in that foolish period which went before his marriage Reginald Paulyn showed himself lavish in the gifts which he showered upon his mistress. Did she but frown, he propitiated her with an emerald bracelet; was she angry with him without reason, she had her reward in a triplet of rings, red, white, and green, like the Italian flag. The Paulyn diamonds, which had lain *perdu* since the dowager's last appearance at court, were dug out of the bank, and sent to be reset at a famous West End jeweler's. Elizabeth beheld their far-darting rays with dazzled eyes, and a mind that was almost bewildered by this fulfillment of all her childish dreams. It was like the story of Cinderella; nor does one know by any means that Cinderella cared very much about the Prince. The old fairy tale is hardly a love-story, but rather a romance of horses and carriages, and other worldly splendor, and swift transition from a kitchen to a palace.

"After all, it was perhaps very lucky that Mr. Forde jilted me," Elizabeth thought in her worldly minded moments, when she was taken to look at the carriages which Lord Paulyn had chosen for her. The graceful shell-shaped barouche, the dainty brougham, with innumerable patent inventions for the comfort of its occupant.

There had been no Paulyn town-house since the reign of George III., when Reginald's grandfather had inhabited a gaunt and dismal mansion out Manchester Square way, the freehold of which had been settled upon a younger son, and had, in due course, been forfeited to a money-lender. The dowager, in her day, had preferred living in furnished lodgings during her residences in the capital. So Elizabeth had the delight of choosing an abode at the West End, and finally, after exploring all the more fashionable quarters, selected a corner house in Park Lane, all balconies and verandas, with a certain pleasing rusticity.

"You must build me a huge conservatory on the top of that hideous pile of stabling and kitchens at the back," she said to her lover, to whom she issued her orders somewhat unceremoniously at this period of their lives; "and I must have a fernery or two somewhere."

The selection of furniture for this balconied abode was an agreeable amusement for Miss Luttrell's mornings during the few weeks she spent in Eaton Place, and was not without its effect upon the balance Lord Paulyn kept at his bank, which was an unusually small one for so wealthy a customer. The young lady showed a marvelous appreciation of the beautiful in art, and an aristocratic contempt for all questions of cost. She had her pet forms and colors, her caprices upon every subject, the gratification whereof was apt to be expensive.

"She's like Lady Teazle, by Jove," grumbled the Viscount, opening his heart to a friend in the smoking-room of his favorite club, after a long morning at Kaliko's, the crack upholsterer; "spends a fellow's money like water; and, by Jove, I feel sometimes inclined to growl, like the old buffer in the play."

"Shaw to be so," said his friend, "if a feller marries a poor man's daughter. They always make the money fly like old boots; haven't been used to it, and like to see it spin; just like a child that spins a sovereign on a table."

"If she were always to go on like this, she'd be the ruin of me," murmured Reginald, ruefully; "but of course it's only a spurt; and if she were inclined to do it by-and-by, I shouldn't let her."

"Of course not. You'll be able to put on a stiffish curb when once she's in harness."

This capacity for extravagance exhibited by his future wife gave Lord Paulyn subject for some serious thought. Even that refusal of a settlement, which, at the first glance, seemed so generous an impulse upon the part of Elizabeth, now assumed an alarming aspect. Might she not have refused any stated pin-money simply because she intended to put no limit upon her expenditure? She meant to range at will over the whole extent of his pastures, not to be relegated to an allotted acreage, however liberal. She meant, in fact, to do her best to ruin him.

"But that's a matter which will easily adjust itself after we are married," he said to himself, shaking off the sense of wild alarm which for the moment had possessed him. "I won't have my income made ducks and drakes of, even to please the handsomest woman in Europe. A town-house once bought and furnished is bought and furnished for our lifetime, and for our children and grandchildren after us; so a little extravagance in that line can't do much harm. And as to milliners and all that kind of thing, I shall let her know as soon as possible that if her bills go beyond a certain figure, she and I will quarrel; and so, with a little judicious management, I dare say I shall soon establish matters on a comfortable footing."

So for these few weeks, her last of liberty, Lord Paulyn suffered his betrothed to have her own way—to have her fling, as he called it himself. Whatever her eye desired, as she roved at large in Kaliko's treasure-chambers, was instantly booked against her future lord. The rarest Sèvres; the most exquisitely carved ebony cabinets, inlaid with plaques of choice old Wedgewood; easy-chairs and sofas in which the designer's imagination had run riot; fairy-like coffee-tables; inimitable what-nots; bedroom furniture in the ecclesiastical Gothic style, unpolished oak, with antique brazen clamps and plates—furniture that might have been made for Mary Stuart, only that it was much handsomer than any thing ever provided for that hapless lady's accommodation, as witness the rickety old oaken bedstead at Holyrood, and King James's baby-basket; carpets from Elizabeth's own designs, where all the fairy ferns and wild flowers that flourish in Devonian woods bestrewed a ground of russet velvet pile.

Of such mere sensuous pleasure, the rapture of choosing pretty things for her own possession, Elizabeth had enough in the days before her marriage. She was almost grateful to the man whose purse provided these delights. Perhaps if she could have quite put Malcolm Forde out of her thoughts, exiled his image from her mind for ever and ever, she might have been actually grateful, and even happy, in the realization of her pet day-dream.

She had asked after her friends of the Rancho when she first came to London, but found that hospitable mansion had disappeared, like Aladdin's palace, when the Emperor of China looked out of the window and beheld only empty space where his parvenu son-in-law's residence had stood. The Cinqmarses had been ruined somehow; no one—at any rate, not any one in Mrs. Chevenix's circle—seemed to understand how. Mr. Cinqmars had been bankrupt, his name in the papers as journalist, stock-broker, theatrical manager, wine-merchant—goodness knows what; and the Rancho estate had been sold by auction, the house pulled down, the umbrageous groves on the landward side ravaged by the axe, the ground cut up into shabby little roads of semi-detached villas leading to nowhere. The lawn and terrace by the river had been preserved, and were still in the market at a fabulous price.

"And what became of Mr. and Mrs. Cinqmars?" asked Elizabeth, sorry for people who had been kind to her, and surprised to find every one more interested in the fate of the domain than in its late tenants.

Mrs. Chevenix shrugged her shoulders.

"Goodness knows. I have heard that they went to America; that they are living in a cheap quarter of Paris, Mr. Cinqmars speculating on the Bourse; that they are in Italy, Mrs. Cinqmars studying for the operatic stage. There are ever so many different stories afloat about them, but I have never troubled myself to consider which of the reports is most likely to be correct. You know they really never were friends of my own choosing. It was Lord Paulyn's whim that we should know them."

"But they were very kind and hospitable, auntie."

"Ye-es. They had their own views, no doubt, however. Their interest was not in Elizabeth Luttrell, but in the future Lady Paulyn. The best thing you can do, Lizzie, is to forget that you ever knew them."

This was not a very difficult achievement for Elizabeth, whose thoughts rarely roamed beyond the focus of self, except in one solitary instance.

Upon the details of Elizabeth Luttrell's wedding it is needless to dwell. She was not married before the Derby-day, anxious as Lord Paulyn had been to anticipate that great British festival, but early in the flowery month of June, when the roses were just beginning to blow in the poor old Vicarage garden—as Elizabeth thought, with a sudden pang, when she saw the exotics that decked her wedding breakfast. The marriage was, as other marriages, duly recorded in fashionable newspapers; and Mrs. Chevenix took care that etiquette should not be outraged by the neglect of the minutest detail, by so much as a quarter of an inch on the wrong side in the depth of the bride's Honiton flounces, or a hackneyed dish among the entrées at the breakfast.

So these two were made one, and went off together in the conventional carriage-and-four from Eaton Place to Paddington Station, en route for the Malvern Hills, where they were to moon away a fortnight as best they might, and then come back to town in time for Ascot races.

Now—these chapters being purely retrospective—comes the autumn of the fifth year after Mr. Forde's farewell to Hawleigh.

[to be continued.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Tennessee paper tells of a woman who sent her husband to buy a jug of molasses. He got drunk, and fetched home the jug filled with whisky. She took it up, smelled it, set it back, and then squaring herself, arms akimbo and eyes flashing, she exclaimed, "Where's them molasses?" The old man smiled and winked pleasantly, and waving his left hand propitiatingly, exclaimed, "Them's they!" He is now convalescent, but the jug is hopelessly deranged.

Black Friars—Colored cooks.

Bailie Sawmun. "Of coorse I want Wullie to hae a guid eddycation; in fac, I'm thinkin' o' sendin' him to the ceemetery at Rothsay."

Councilor Troot. "The ceemetery? Ah, ye'll be wantin' him to learn the dead languages, eh?"

B. S. (*who does not see it*). "Of coorse, of coorse; deed and leevin."

For a Wedding Song—Love knot.

What is the difference between a jailor and a jeweler?—One watches cells, and the other sells watches.

A woman married to her second husband recently said to him: "Oh, how happy poor Charles would be, if he were still alive, to see himself replaced by a man as agreeable as you are!"

A great Composer—Sleep.

Why is a mouse like a load of hay?—Because the cat 'll eat it.

"A real gentleman," said an Irishman one day, "is one that never earned a ha'p'orth for himself or for any one belonging to him."

The old lady who used to dry her clothes on the equinoctial line has gone to Greenland to get the north pole to draw cistern water with.

Moving for a new Trial—Courting a second wife.

"My dear doctor," said an Irishman, "it's no use your giving me an emetic. I tried it twice in Dublin, and it would not stay on my stomach five minutes."

To remove Stains from Character—Get rich.

When a young gentleman in Canada wishes to pay attention to a young lady, he usually, if it be winter, undertakes to kill her with kindness—by taking her out and sleighing her.

A Frenchman being about to remove his shop, his landlord inquired the reason, stating, at the same time, that it was considered a very good stand for business. The Frenchman replied, "Oh yes, he's very good *stand* for de business; by gar, me *stand* all day, for nobody come to make me *move*."

The Evening Papers—Curl-papers.

"I wonder what causes my eyes to be so weak," said a fop to a gentleman. "They are in a weak place," replied the latter.

When a Maine man has a too talkative wife he tells her he is going to Amananquatasogowmongotonga hunting, and in his absence has his friends call at the house and inquire his whereabouts. When he returns, the faithful wife is exhausted, and doesn't want to speak for a month.

"Doctor, what will cure the fever of love?" "The chill of wedlock, mademoiselle."

Women are like horses—the gayer the harness they have on the better they feel. We got this from an old bachelor who was early crossed in love.

Nonsense has been described as sense that differs from one's own.

A woman used to buy peaches when they were sixty cents a quarter of a peck; when her husband remonstrated with her for her extravagance she would burst into tears and say that she was not extravagant, because when she bought those peaches she intended to put them in the refrigerator and keep them until they got cheaper.

When does a man have to keep his word?—When no one will take it.

STANDARD QUOTATIONS.

"I give thee all, I can no"—*More.*
"A famous man was Robin"—*Hood.*
"If I were King of France, or, far better"—*Pope of Rome.*
"The plowboy is whooping"—*Anon.*
"A poet could not but be"—*Gay.*
"And so does Mrs."—*Johnson.*
"It was a Friar of orders"—*Gray.*

"Were you guarded in your conduct while in New York?" asked a father of his son, who had just returned from a visit to that city. "Yes, Sir; part of the time by two policemen."

To have fish at supper, just drop them a line.

A Kentucky paper, in reporting a wedding, says that the bride was not particularly handsome, but the father threw in seven mules, and the husband was satisfied.

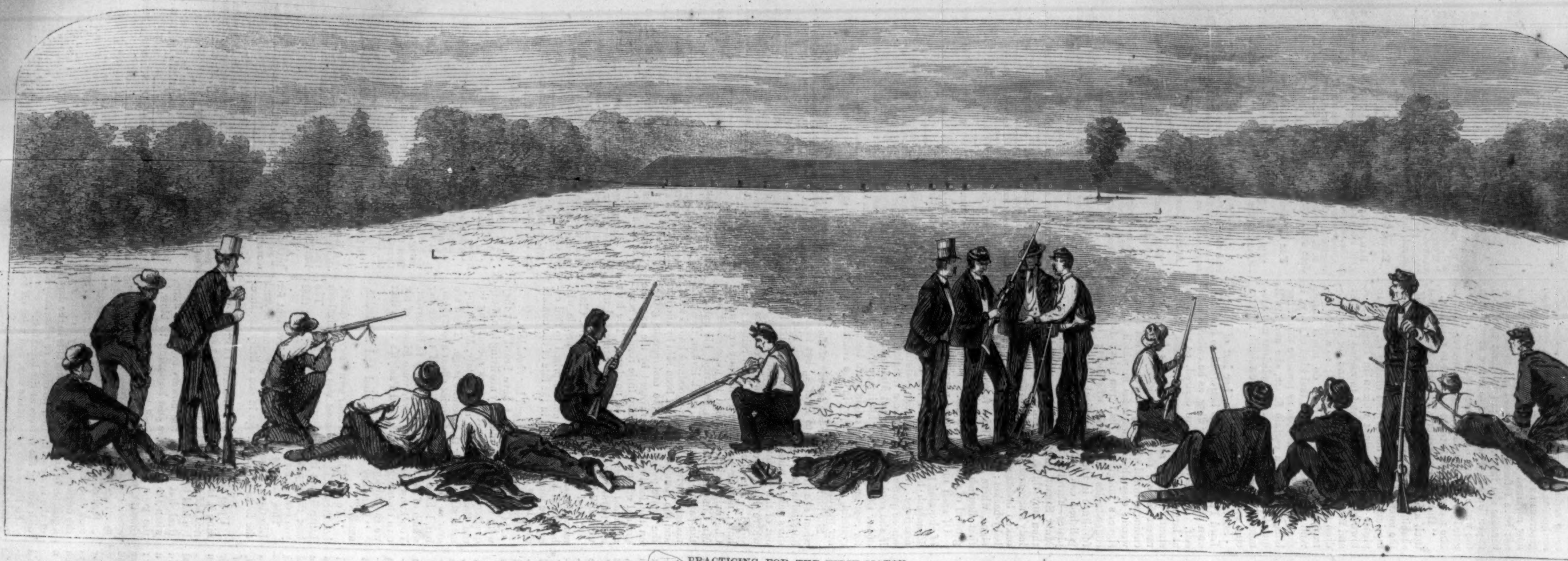
A New Jersey man having heard that Columbus was in Ohio, immediately started out West to interview the "old man" about the voyage which resulted in the discovery of America.

Mrs. Partington, while looking at a picture of Washington in a window, saw the name of the artist—Mr. Green—in the corner of it. After admiring it for some time, she at length remarked, "Well, Mr. Green is not such a bad-looking chap, after all!"

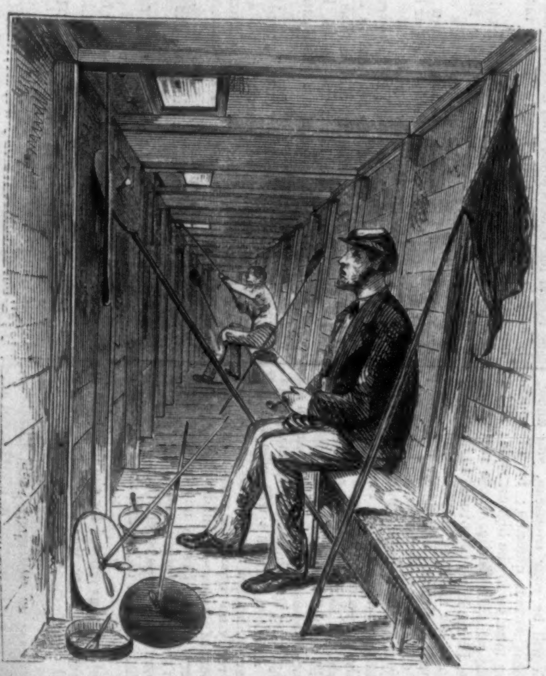
An Iowa merchant won't advertise in the papers, but paints on the fences, "Go tew Allen's for yer dri-goods."

When is fire like a bad husband?—When it goes out at night.

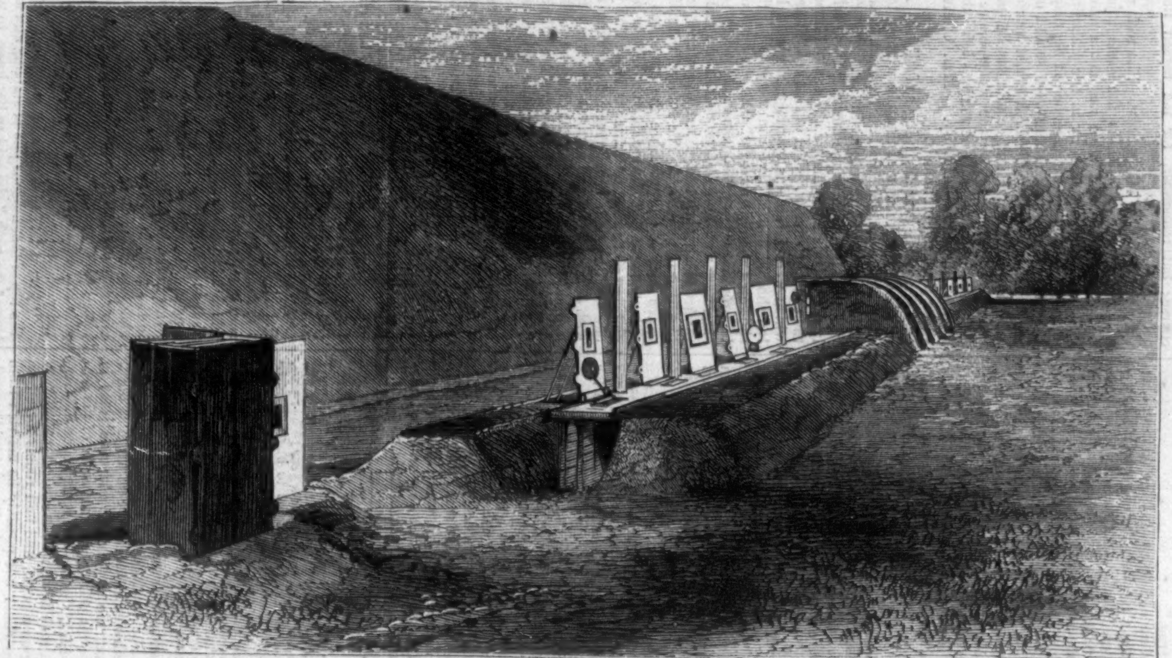
A few weeks ago a well-known artist had, according to custom, thrown open his studio to his friends and patrons for a private view of his pictures intended for the walls of the Academy. One represented a merry party dancing, the host's face beaming with pleasure as he raised a glass of Champagne to his lips. "I don't know," said the artist to a friend, "what on earth to call this picture, or how to account for the happy expression on the face of the host." "Well, if I were you," replied the visitor, "I should simply call it, 'Death of a Mother-in-law!'"



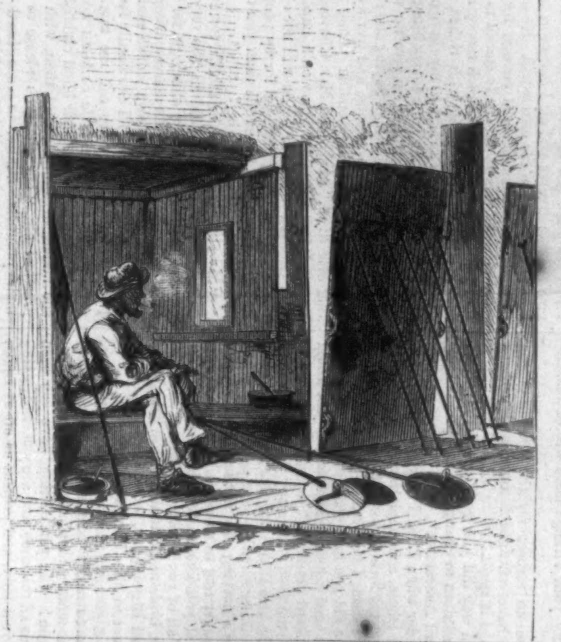
PRACTICING FOR THE FIRST MATCH.



THE MARKER IN THE SCOBLE, OR SUNKEN BUTT.



THE TARGETS.

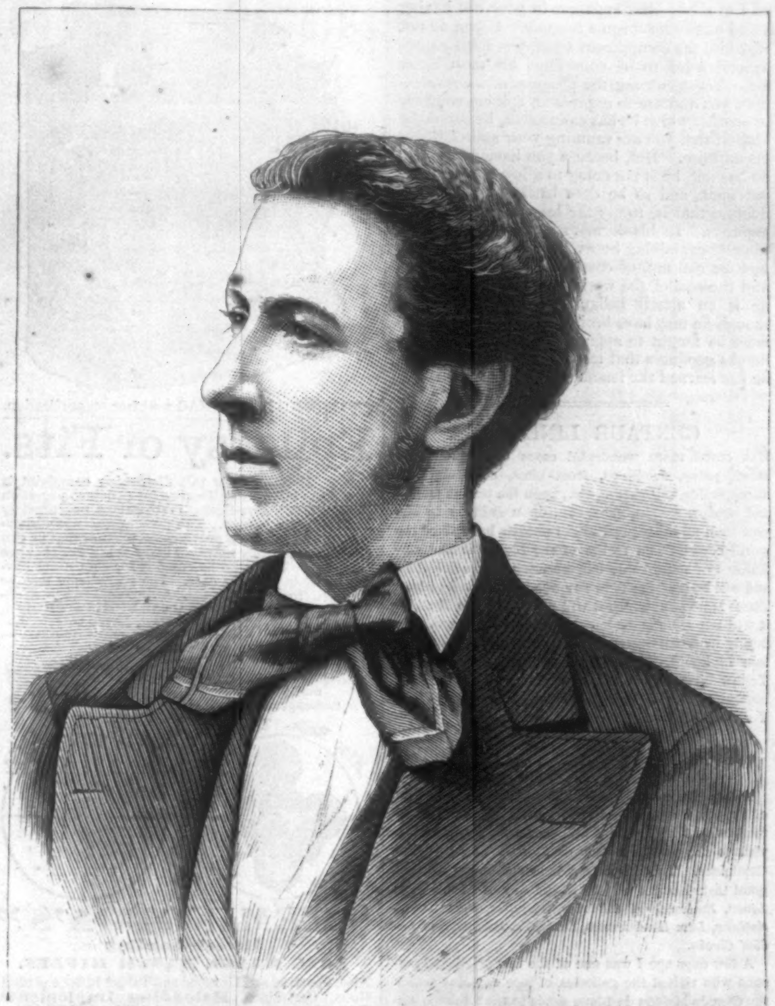


THE MARKER IN THE RAISED BUTT.

THE CREEDMOOR RIFLE RANGE.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 557.]

FRANK H. WALWORTH.

WE need not here repeat the story of the shooting of Mr. MANSFIELD TRACY WALWORTH by his son, FRANK H., whose portrait is given on this page, as the painful details are already familiar to our readers. The young man, who does not yet count twenty years, was arraigned on the 11th inst. in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, and through his counsel, Mr. GARVIN, interposed the plea of not guilty. He still maintains the calm external demeanor which marked his conduct immediately after the tragedy, and appears to be wholly insensible of the position in which his act has placed him.



FRANK H. WALWORTH.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DENISON, ALBANY, NEW YORK.]

THE LATE MINISTER ORR.

THE remains of Hon. JAMES L. ORR, the late minister of the United States at St. Petersburg, arrived at this city in the German steam-ship *Thuringia* on the 10th inst. On the following day they were taken to the Governor's Room, in the City Hall, under an escort of the Knights Templar, where the remains lay in state until two o'clock Friday afternoon, June 13. The coffin was laid upon a catafalque arranged for it. A withered wreath of laurel leaves, with occasional flowers, which had been deposited on the coffin in St. Petersburg, rested upon it still, encircling the inscription on the plate, which read as follows:

JAMES LAWRENCE ORR,
BORN IN CRAYTONVILLE, S. C.,
MAY 12, 1822,
DIED AT ST. PETERSBURG, {APRIL 23, / MAY 5,} 1873,
AGED 51 YEARS.

The two dates of death on the plate are employed in consequence of Russia's still adhering to the old system of chronology. The lower date gives the time according to the new style.

The body was not exposed to view, owing to the length of time which has elapsed since death, but a large number of persons passed through the room to look at the coffin. Our illustration shows the scene in the Governor's Room, where the remains were deposited.

The funeral services took place on Friday, the 13th inst., in Dr. HEPWORTH'S church, under the auspices of the Masonic fraternity, and were attended by large delegations from Masonic bodies throughout the country.

THE CREEDMOOR RIFLE RANGE.

THE efficiency of the rifle as a military weapon was first recognized in the Indian wars which marked the early settlement of this country, and confirmed by the experience of our war of independence against England; but although our military successes in the earlier part of our history were largely due to the skill in its use displayed by our ancestors, no public recognition has been given by our citizens of the fact that the change in the habits of the American people is rapidly depriving them of that proficiency in arms which once formed one of the great elements of our national strength. We have ceased to be "a nation of marksmen," as we were once proud to be called. This is the more to be regretted as the introduction of breech-loading arms of long range and precision has made the marksman's skill in time of war even more important now than it was under the old system. The recent European wars show that the rapidity of fire which makes these weapons so formidable in the hands of trained marksmen results in a waste of ammunition by those unfamiliar with their use, which may leave an army helpless at the decisive moment of a battle.

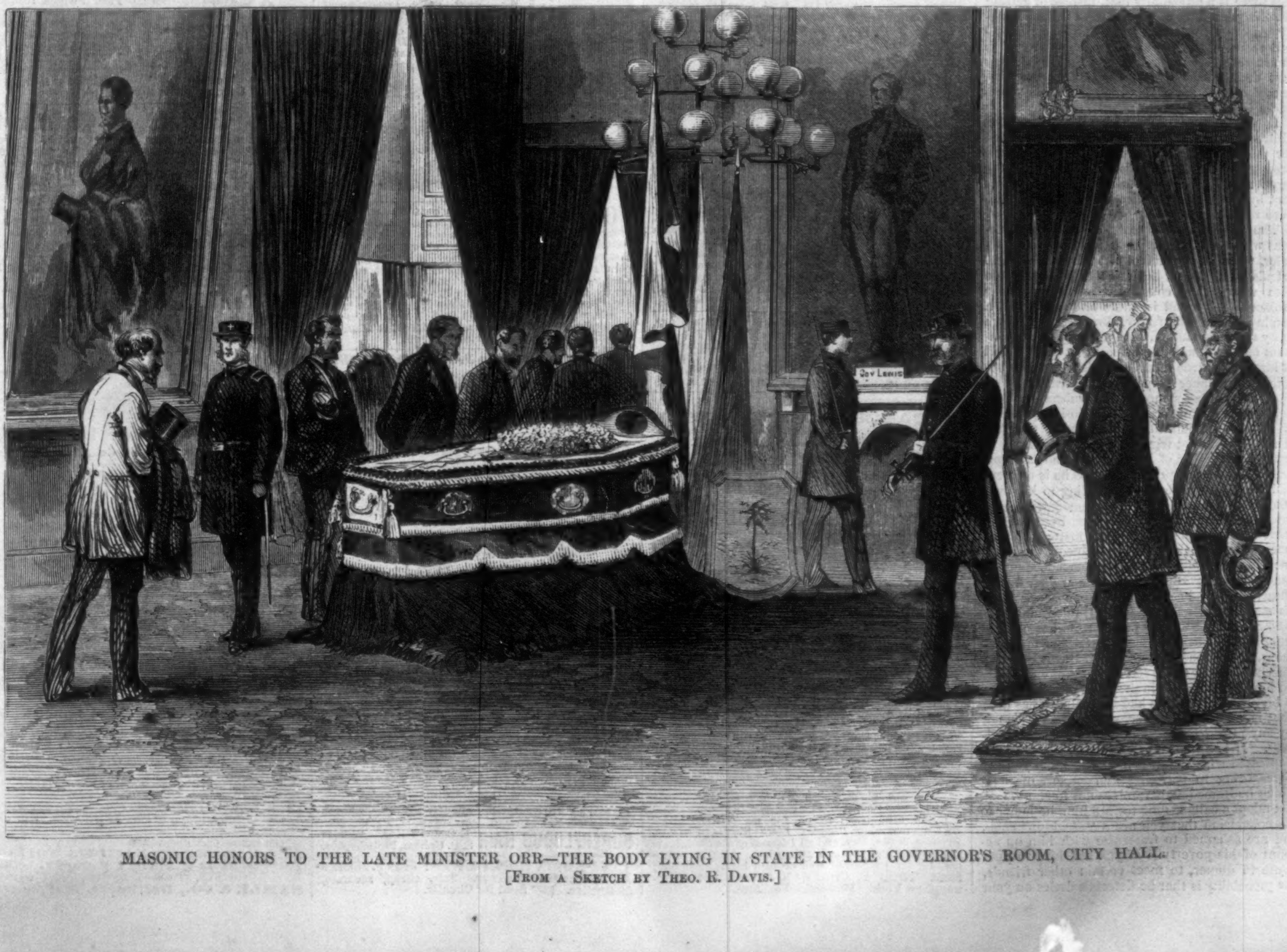
Other nations, recognizing these facts, have long since established a thorough system of instruction in rifle practice. France, Germany, Switzerland, and, above all, England and Canada, unite in giving to rifle practice a leading position in their systems of military training. In the latter countries the success that has been attained, not only in producing good marksmen, but in making the subject popular among the people at large, has been very great. The Wimbledon contests in England are too well known to need description, and 150,000 trained riflemen are a standing proof of their value. So, on our northern border, Canada boasts her 40,000 skilled shots, and has her annual local, provincial, and Dominion matches, by which their skill is maintained.

In our own country, on the other hand, where the whole system of national defense is based upon the levying of volunteers in cases of emergency, this important branch of military instruction is entirely neglected. Our War Department does not even enforce the excellent system adopted over ten years ago, but sends raw recruits, who have never fired a shot, against Indians who are familiar from boyhood with the rifle. In the National Guard of New York and other States a similar apathy has prevailed, so that it has been the rule, not the exception, for a man to serve out his full term of enlistment in their ranks without firing a shot.

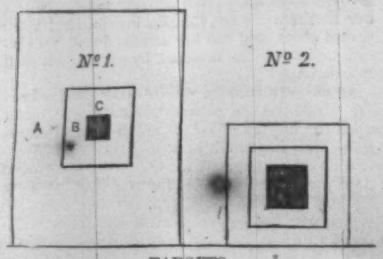
To provide a remedy for this fatal defect, a number of gentlemen, more or less intimately connected with State and national military affairs, formed in this city in 1871 "The National Rifle Association." It was designed to be, and bids fair to become, the parent of many similar associations throughout the country. Its principal aim is the encouragement of rifle practice in New York and other States of the Union. Regarding skill in marksmanship as the most important part of a soldier's drill, the association seeks to introduce a national system of rifle practice, and to encourage "aiming and position drill." Its promoters also desire to facilitate the establishment of rifle ranges throughout the State, and the issue of ammunition, targets, and other appurtenances required for their use, together with the offering of prizes, both by the State and by individuals, to the best marksmen.

The association also aims, in making up its prize list, to offer many small prizes, to be shot for in a number of different matches, in preference to offering a few large prizes in a single competition, deeming it wiser to afford many a chance of winning a prize, and thus encourage average marksmen, than to have a few (perhaps "professionals") carry off every thing. For military reasons it restricts its competitors to rifles not exceeding ten pounds in weight, and rules out all telescopes, hair-triggers, and artificial rests. For similar reasons its main prizes are offered only to members of the National Guard, and are required to be shot for with the regulation military rifle.

The association has been incorporated by the Legislature, and has received a State grant of $25,000, which, with $5000 from the city of New York, and a similar sum raised by the association itself, places it upon a sound financial basis. The grounds for rifle practice, of which we give an illustration on page 556, are situated at Creedmoor, Queens County, Long Island, upon the Long Island Central Railroad, twelve miles from Hunter's Point. These grounds are admirably adapted for the purpose for which they have been selected. As level as a billiard-table, they afford twenty separate ranges, each of which can be used from one hundred to a thousand yards, and without the use of elevated firing stands, found necessary upon most English and Canadian ranges. In addition, ample room



MASONIC HONORS TO THE LATE MINISTER ORR—THE BODY LYING IN STATE IN THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM, CITY HALL.
[FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]



TARGETS.

is left for "pool" targets and a "running man," as well as for camp purposes and distance drill. The grounds being a perfect plain has compelled the association, in order to insure safety, to construct an embankment twenty-five feet high and five hundred and seventy feet long, requiring over 27,000 cubic yards of earth.

Twenty separate ranges have been laid out, nine of which will be operated upon the "Scoble," or sunken pit, system of marking, and eleven upon the "Hill," or side system. The targets are composed of iron slabs bolted together, so as to allow of their size being altered at pleasure. We give on this page diagrams of two of these targets. No. 1 represents a third-class target, six feet by four feet in size, the centre (C) being two feet square, the bull's-eye (B) eight inches square. This diagram, viewed at a distance of nine feet, represents the apparent size of the target at 150 yards. No. 2 represents a second-class target, six feet square—the centre four feet, and the bull's-eye two feet square. This diagram, viewed at a distance of twelve feet, shows the apparent size of the target at 400 yards.

These grounds are now completed, and open to matches. Gold badges and money prizes, varying from five dollars to one hundred and fifty, constitute the incentives to the exhibition of skill in marksmanship. For the benefit of spectators we will add that the results of shots will be signaled from the butts by means of different colored disks, as follows: White disk, shot in the bull's-eye, value 4; red disk, shot in the centre, value 3; black disk, shot in the outer (A), value 2. Each competitor is allowed five rounds, with the privilege of two sighting shots.

The association, under the presidency of Colonel William C. Church, begins its operations under the most favorable auspices. Its aims are of great importance from many points of view, and it deserves, as it will doubtless receive, the hearty support of the community.

BROKEN-KNEED FRIENDS.

If any one wishes to obtain the reputation of being a philanthropist and a philosopher combined, there is no surer way of his attaining the desired end than by expatiating on the different treatment which a man receives when he is sailing on the glistening sea of prosperity and when he is battling with the black waves of adversity. It is always a sure card to play to talk about how one's friends drop off when they discover that there is a probability that, instead of getting any thing out of him, he may want to drag something from them. It is not by any means difficult to point the moral to the effect that it is shown that they never love one for himself, but that their affection is, at the best, a somewhat refined description of that kind known as "cupboard love."

People, when dealing with this matter upon abstract grounds, have nothing but compassion for the unfortunate and condemnation for the prosperous friends. This is unjust, and the large majority of the world acknowledges the fact by making its practice wonderfully at variance with its precept.

The truth is, that a great portion of those persons who come to grief show few traits of character, when in the midst of their misfortunes, calculated to endear them to the hearts of those with whom they constantly associate. Your broken-kneed friend is, more often than not, a carping, disagreeable fellow, always ready to make nasty remarks himself, but prepared to take instant offense at any thing smart that may be said of him. The true man bears his woes in as becoming a manner as possible, not caring to go about demanding sympathy and substantial recognition of his misfortunes, and losing patience if this be not immediately extended to him. The broken-kneed friend, on the other hand, is continually raving of his troubles, and pointing out, with tiresome pertinacity, how he is answerable for none of them. According to his own showing, he has been the most prudent, talented, and conscientious man that ever lived. Hint that he has, perhaps, failed in a matter of judgment, and though such is undoubtedly the case, he will work himself up into a tremendous fume, and rail against what he describes as your flinty-heartedness and calm insolence in a manner that is startling, if not edifying. He does not only show his teeth to your face, but he has many a snap at you behind your back. You are, perhaps, prosperous, and he isn't. But is that any merit of yours, think you? or is it any discredit to him that he is not in the upper position? Not a bit of it. You have had luck, and he has not; that is your only superiority over him. It is not by any means an easy matter to do him a kindness. If you treat him gushingly, he is at once impressed with the firm conviction that you are endeavoring to patronize him—a sort of thing which he immediately resolves not to stand. If you adopt a calmer tone toward him, he jumps to the conclusion that you are a "stuck-up" snob, and are ashamed to fraternize with him on account of his poverty. If you ask him to your house to dinner, to meet certain other friends, the probability is that he detects a desire on your part to slight him, apparent in your not having asked him to meet some one else. If you do not pass him the compliment at all, you must expect henceforward to be considered his most bitter foe. When, during the progress of a conversation, you venture to express an opinion contrary to another which he has enunciated, he persuades himself that you are vaunting your superiority at his expense. But, because you have money and he has not, he is not going to allow himself to be put upon, and so he does battle with you in a manner that is, to say the least of it, extremely vigorous. In his dormant moments he is continually explaining how very impotent he is, and how he can not, of course, expect to do as you and the rest of the world can. He knows that he is an utterly insignificant being, and that though he may have brains and a fine nature, he must be taught to appreciate this fact. But he thanks goodness that teaching is unnecessary, as he has learned the lesson sufficiently well.

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A few days ago I was one of the few privileged persons who visited the galleries of lace curtains which the Grande Maison de Blanc sends to the "*Vienna Exhibition.*" These magnificent productions were exposed in two large halls, where they were visited by the most elegant ladies of Paris, among whom I noticed a large part of the American colony. All these marvels of French manufacture, veritable artistic *chefs-d'œuvre*, have excited the admiration of the *élite* of the French society, as well as the high praise of the President of the Republic. Among the other visitors of distinction were all the princes and princesses of Orleans.—[*Exchange.*]

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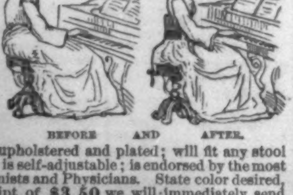

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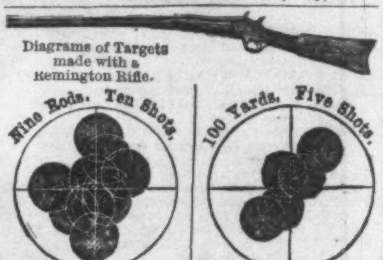

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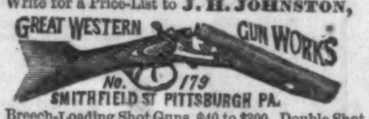

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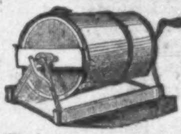

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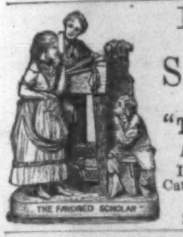

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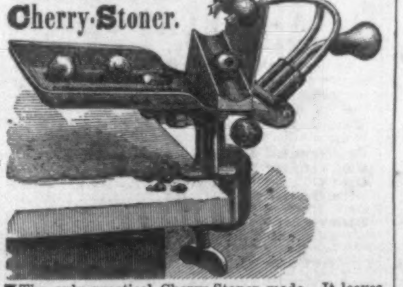

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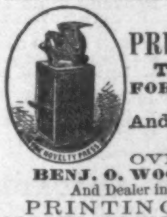

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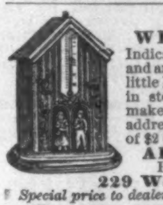

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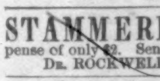

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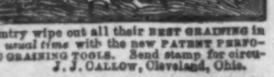

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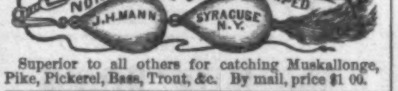

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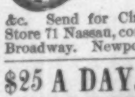

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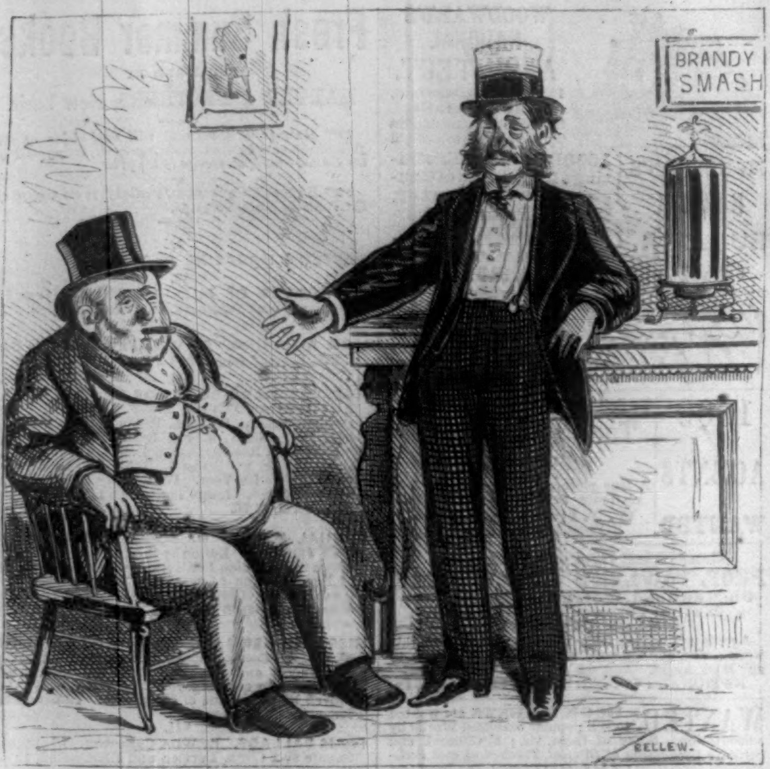

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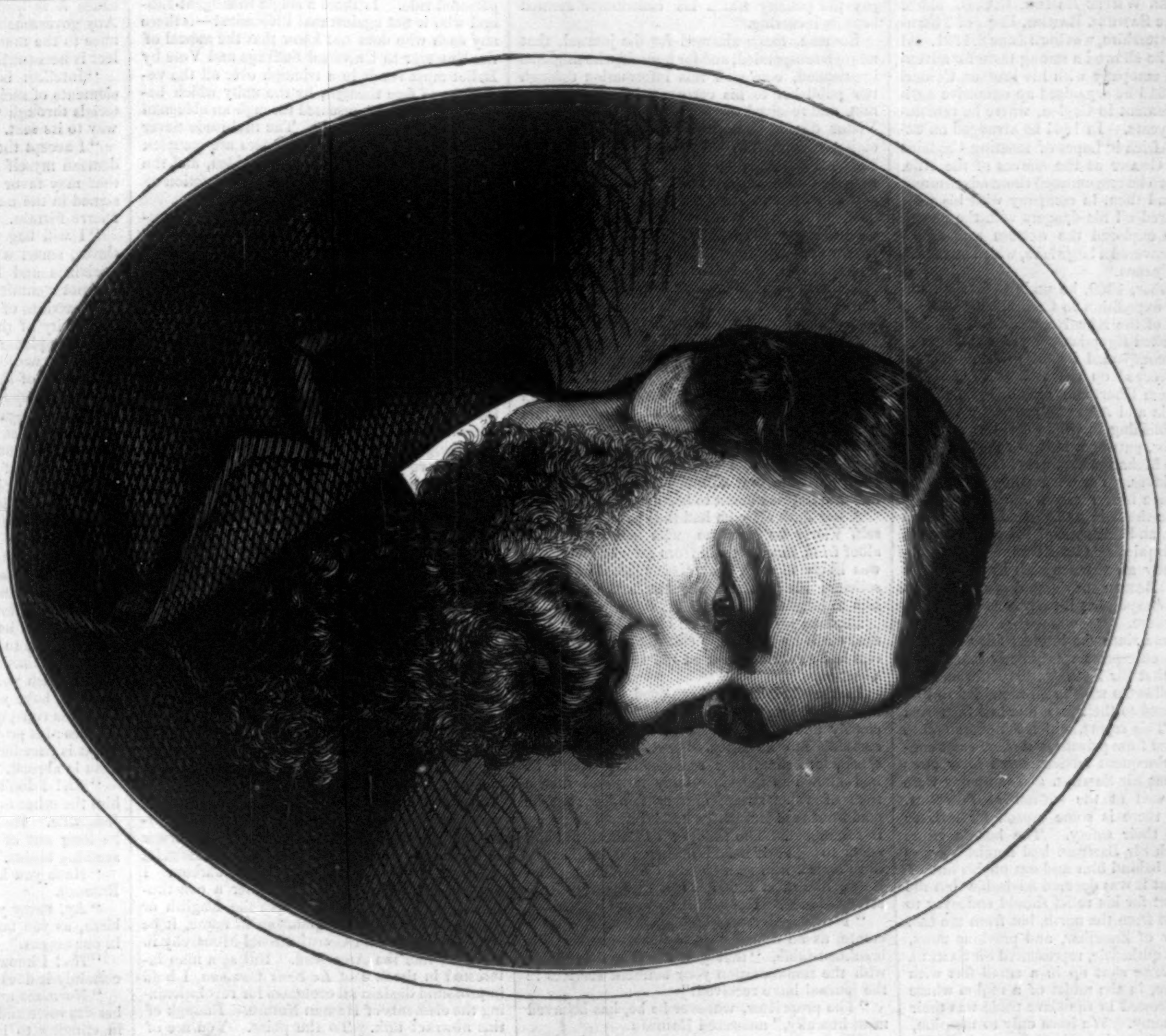
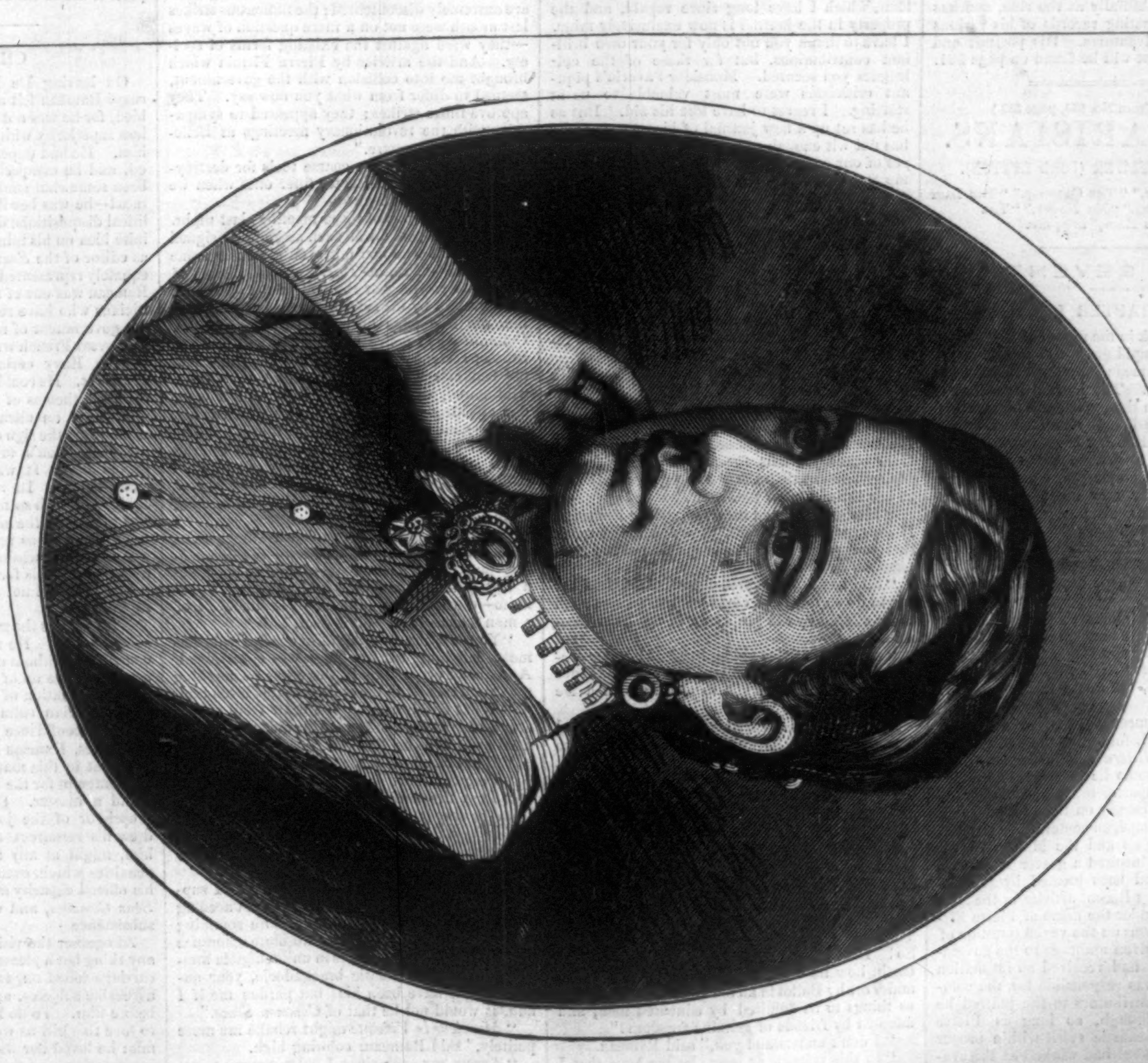


SIR SAMUEL WHITE BAKER, K.C.B.



LADY BAKER.

THE SLAVERY QUESTION IN EASTERN AFRICA—THE BAKER EXPEDITION.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

SIR SAMUEL AND LADY BAKER.

Sir Samuel White Baker, K.C.B., eldest son of the late Samuel Baker, Esq., of Thorngrove, Worcestershire, was born June 8, 1821. At an early age he showed a strong taste for adventure; and in company with his brother, Colonel Baker, in 1848 he organized an extensive agricultural settlement in Ceylon, where he remained for eight years. In 1861 he arranged an expedition to Africa in hopes of meeting Captains Speke and Grant at the sources of the Nile. At Gondokoro he encountered those adventurous travelers; and then, in company with his wife, who has shared all his dangers with the utmost fortitude, he explored the western arm of the Nile, and discovered a large lake, which he named the Abert N'yanza.

In September, 1869, he undertook the command of an expedition to Central Africa under the auspices of the Khedive, who furnished him with 1000 picked Egyptian troops. Sir Samuel, who was accompanied by his gallant wife, intended to proceed up the White Nile, which, branching from Khartoum, runs out of the great lakes Victoria and Albert N'yanza, for the purpose of establishing Egyptian colonies at points in the interior, putting a stop to the slave-trade by which the Mohammedan world is mainly supplied with slaves. For many months past no dispatches have been received from the expedition, owing to the failure of the communications in their rear, and this lack of news is doubtless due to the disquieting fact that the whole crusade is directly at variance with Egyptian public opinion. Baker may put down the slave-trade at a given spot, but it revives as soon as he is gone elsewhere.

A short time since the interest felt regarding this perilous enterprise was greatly heightened by a report that Sir Samuel, his wife, and the handful of followers which still remained to him had surrendered to their foes, and had then been murdered. This report, which is understood to have emanated from private letters, was not confirmed by subsequent advices; and later news represents that Sir Samuel and his party were recently all well at the station at Fatookra. Nevertheless there is some reason for anxiety in regard to their safety. The hostile tribes through which Sir Samuel had fought his way had closed in behind him and cut off his line of retreat, so that it was deemed advisable that the expedition sent for his relief should endeavor to reach him, not from the north, but from the east coast, by way of Zanzibar, and previous news, declared to be authentic, represented Sir Samuel and Lady Baker shut up in a small fort with thirty followers, in the midst of a region where every one interested in the slave-trade was their determined enemy. We have only to mention, in conclusion, first, that Sir Samuel, in 1866, conferred an honor on the order of knighthood by accepting the dignity of K.C.B., and secondly, that, unlike some famous travelers, he wields the pen as skillfully as the rifle, and has written most fascinating records of his various wanderings and adventures. His portrait and that of Lady Baker will be found on page 561.

(Continued from No. 860, page 539.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

Author of "Pelham," "The Caxtons," "The Last of the Barons," "My Novel," "The Coming Race," etc., etc.

BOOK SEVENTH.

CHAPTER I.

It is the first week in the month of May, 1870. Celebrities are of rapid growth in the salons of Paris. Gustave Rameau has gained the position for which he sighed. The journal he edits has increased its hold on the public, and his share of the profits has been liberally augmented by the secret proprietor. Rameau is acknowledged as a power in literary circles. And as critics belonging to the same clique praise each other in Paris, whatever they may do in communities more rigidly virtuous, his poetry has been declared by authorities in the press to be superior to that of Alfred de Musset in vigor, to that of Victor Hugo in refinement—neither of which assertions would much, perhaps, shock a cultivated understanding.

It is true that it (Gustave's poetry) has not gained a wide audience among the public. But with regard to poetry nowadays, there are plenty of persons who say as Dr. Johnson said of the verse of Spratt, "I would rather praise it than read."

At all events, Rameau was courted in gay and brilliant circles, and, following the general example of French *littérateurs* in fashion, lived well up to the income he received, had a delightful bachelor's apartment, furnished with artistic effect, spent largely on the adornment of his person, kept a coupé, and entertained profusely at the Café Anglais and the Maison Dorée. A reputation that inspired a graver and more unquiet interest had been created by the Vicomte de Mauléon. Recent articles in the *Sens Commun*, written under the name of Pierre Firmin, on the discussions on the vexed question of the Plébiscite had given umbrage to the government, and Rameau had received an intimation that he, as editor, was responsible for the compositions of the contributors to the journal he edited, and that though, so long as Pierre Firmin had kept his caustic spirit within proper bounds, the government had winked at the evasion of the law which required every political article in a journal to be signed by the real name of its author, it could do so no longer. "Pierre Firmin" was apparently a *nom de plume;* if not, his identity must be proved, or Rameau would pay the penalty which his contributor seemed bent on incurring.

Rameau, much alarmed for the journal, that might be suspended, and for himself, who might be imprisoned, conveyed this information through the publisher to his correspondent Pierre Firmin, and received the next day an article signed Victor de Mauléon, in which the writer proclaimed himself to be one and the same with Pierre Firmin, and, taking a yet bolder tone than he had before assumed, dared the government to attempt legal measures against him. The government was prudent enough to disregard that haughty bravado, but Victor de Mauléon rose at once into political importance. He had already in his real name and his quiet way established a popular and respectable place in Parisian society. But if this revelation created him enemies whom he had not before provoked, he was now sufficiently acquitted, by tacit consent, of the sins formerly laid to his charge, to disdain the assaults of party wrath. His old reputation for personal courage and skill in sword and pistol served, indeed, to protect him from such charges as a Parisian journalist does not reply to with his pen. If he created some enemies, he created many more friends, or, at least, partisans and admirers. He only needed fine and imprisonment to become a popular hero.

A few days after he had thus proclaimed himself, Victor de Mauléon, who had before kept aloof from Rameau, and from *salons* at which he was likely to meet that distinguished minstrel, solicited his personal acquaintance, and asked him to breakfast.

Rameau joyfully went. He had a very natural curiosity to see the contributor whose articles had so mainly insured the sale of the *Sens Commun*.

In the dark-haired, keen-eyed, well-dressed, middle-aged man, with commanding port and courtly address, he failed to recognize any resemblance to the flaxen-wigged, long-coated, bespectacled, shambling sexagenarian whom he had known as Lebeau. Only now and then a tone of voice struck him as familiar, but he could not recollect where he had heard the voice it resembled. The thought of Lebeau did not occur to him; if it had occurred it would only have struck him as a chance coincidence. Rameau, like most egotists, was rather a dull observer of men. His genius was not objective.

"I trust, Monsieur Rameau," said the Vicomte, as he and his guest were seated at the breakfast-table, "that you are not dissatisfied with the remuneration your eminent services in the journal have received."

"The proprietor, whoever he be, has behaved most liberally," answered Rameau.

"I take that compliment to myself, *cher confrère*, for though the expenses of starting the *Sens Commun* and the caution money lodged were found by a friend of mine, that was as a loan, which I have long since repaid, and the property in the journal is now exclusively mine. I have to thank you not only for your own brilliant contributions, but for those of the colleagues you secured. Monsieur Savarin's piquant criticisms were most valuable to us at starting. I regret to have lost his aid. But as he has set up a new journal of his own, even he has not wit enough to spare for another. *Apropos* of our contributors, I shall ask you to present me to the fair author of *The Artist's Daughter*. I am of too prosaic a nature to appreciate justly the merits of a *roman;* but I have heard warm praise of this story from the young—they are the best judges of that kind of literature; and I can at least understand the worth of a contributor who trebled the sale of our journal. It is a misfortune to us, indeed, that her work is completed, but I trust that the sum sent to her through our publisher suffices to tempt her to favor us with another *roman* in series."

"Mademoiselle Cicogna," said Rameau, with a somewhat sharper intonation of his sharp voice, "has accepted for the republication of her *roman* in a separate form terms which attest the worth of her genius, and has had offers from other journals for a serial tale of even higher amount than the sum so generously sent to her through your publisher."

"Has she accepted them, Monsieur Rameau? If so, *tant pis pour vous.* Pardon me, I mean that your salary suffers in proportion as the *Sens Commun* declines in sale."

"She has not accepted them. I advised her not to do so until she could compare them with those offered by the proprietor of the *Sens Commun*."

"And your advice guides her? Ah! *cher confrère*, you are a happy man—you have influence over this young aspirant to the fame of a De Staël or a George Sand."

"I flatter myself that I have some," answered Rameau, smiling loftily as he helped himself to another tumbler of Volney wine—excellent, but rather heady!

"So much the better. I leave you free to arrange terms with Mademoiselle Cicogna, higher than she can obtain elsewhere, and kindly contrive my own personal introduction to her—you have breakfasted already?—permit me to offer you a cigar—excuse me if I do not bear you company—I seldom smoke; never of a morning. Now to business, and the state of France. Take that easy-chair; seat yourself comfortably. So! Listen! If ever Mephistopheles revisit the earth, how he will laugh at Universal Suffrage and Vote by Ballot in an old country like France, as things to be admired by educated men, and adopted by friends of genuine freedom!"

"I don't understand you," said Rameau.

"In this respect, at least, let me hope that I can furnish you with understanding.

"The Emperor has resorted to a Plébiscite—viz., a Vote by Ballot and Universal Suffrage—as to certain popular changes which circumstances compel him to substitute for his former personal rule. Is there a single intelligent Liberal who is not against that Plébiscite?—is there any such who does not know that the appeal of the Emperor to Universal Suffrage and Vote by Ballot must result in a triumph over all the variations of free thought, by the unity which belongs to Order, represented through an able man at the head of the state? The multitude never comprehend principles; principles are complex ideas; they comprehend a simple idea, and the simplest idea is, a Name that rids their action of all responsibility to thought.

"Well, in France there are principles superabundant which you can pit against the principle of imperial rule. But there is not one Name you can pit against Napoleon III; therefore I steer our little bark in the teeth of the popular gale when I denounce the Plébiscite, and *Le Sens Commun* will necessarily fall in sale—it is beginning to fall already. We shall have the educated men with us, the rest against. In every country, even in China, where all are highly educated, a few must be yet more highly educated than the many. Monsieur Rameau, I desire to overthrow the empire: in order to do that, it is not enough to have on my side the educated men, I must have the *canaille*—the *canaille* of Paris and of the manufacturing towns. But I use the *canaille* for my purpose—I don't mean to enthrone it. You comprehend?—the *canaille* quiescent is simply mud at the bottom of a stream; the *canaille* agitated is mud at the surface. But no man capable of three ideas builds the palaces and senates of civilized society out of mud, be it at the top or the bottom of an ocean. Can either you or I desire that the destinies of France shall be swayed by coxcombical artisans who think themselves superior to every man who writes grammar, and whose idea of a Commonwealth is the confiscation of private property?"

Rameau, thoroughly puzzled by this discourse, bowed his head, and replied, whisperingly, "Proceed. You are against the empire, yet against the populace! What are you for? Not, surely, the Legitimists? Are you Republican, Orleanist, or what?"

"Your questions are very pertinent," answered the Vicomte, courteously, "and my answer shall be very frank. I am against absolute rule, whether under a Bonaparte or a Bourbon. I am for a free state, whether under a constitutional, hereditary sovereign like the English or Belgian, or whether, Republican in name, it be less democratic than Constitutional Monarchy in practice, like the American. But as a man interested in the fate of *Le Sens Commun*, I hold in profound disdain all crotchets for revolutionizing the elements of Human Nature. Enough of this abstract talk. To the point. You are of course aware of the violent meetings held by the Socialists, nominally against the Plébiscite, really against the Emperor himself?"

"Yes, I know at least that the working class are extremely discontented; the numerous strikes last month were not on a mere question of wages—they were against the existing forms of society. And the articles by Pierre Firmin which brought me into collision with the government, seemed to differ from what you now say. They approve those strikes; they appeared to sympathize with the revolutionary meetings at Belleville and Montmartre."

"Of course! we use coarse tools for destroying; we cast them aside for finer ones when we want to reconstruct.

"I attended one of those meetings last night. See, I have a pass for all such assemblies, signed by some dolt who can not even spell the name he assumes—'*Pom-de-Tair.*' A commissary of police sits yawning at the end of the orchestra, his secretary by his side, while the orators stammer out fragments of would-be thunder-bolts. Commissary of police yawns more wearily than before; secretary disdains to use his pen, seizes his penknife and pares his nails. Up rises a wild-haired, weak-limbed silhouette of a man, and affecting a solemnity of mien which might have become the virtuous Guizot, moves this resolution: 'The French people condemn Charles Louis Napoleon III. to the penalty of perpetual hard labor.' Then up rises the commissary of police, and says, quietly, 'I declare this meeting at an end.'

"Sensation among the audience—they gesticulate—they screech—they bellow—the commissary puts on his great-coat—the secretary gives a last touch to his nails and pockets his penknife—the audience disperse—the silhouette of a man effaces itself—all is over."

"You describe the scene most wittily," said Rameau, laughing, but the laugh was constrained. A would-be cynic himself, there was a something grave and earnest in the real cynic that awed him.

"What conclusion do you draw from such a scene, *cher poète?*" asked De Mauléon, fixing his keen quiet eyes on Rameau.

"What conclusions? Well, that—that—"

"Yes, continue."

"That the audience were sadly degenerated from the time when Mirabeau said to a Master of the Ceremonies, 'We are here by the power of the French people, and nothing but the point of the bayonet shall expel us.'"

"Spoken like a poet, a French poet. I suppose you admire M. Victor Hugo. Conceding that he would have employed a more sounding phraseology, comprising more absolute ignorance of men, times, and manners in unintelligible metaphor and melodramatic braggadocio, your answer might have been his; but pardon me if I add, it would not be that of *Common-Sense.*"

"*Monsieur le Vicomte* might rebuke me more politely," said Rameau, coloring high.

"Accept my apologies; I did not mean to rebuke, but to instruct. The times are not those of 1789. And Nature, ever repeating herself in the production of coxcombs and blockheads, never repeats herself in the production of Mirabeaus. The empire is doomed—doomed, because it is hostile to the free play of intellect. Any government that gives absolute preponderance to the many is hostile to intellect, for intellect is necessarily confined to the few.

"Intellect is the most revengeful of all the elements of society. It cares not what the materials through which it insinuates or forces its way to its seat.

"I accept the aid of *Pom-de-Tair*. I do not demean myself to the extent of writing articles that may favor the principles of *Pom-de-Tair*, signed in the name of Victor de Mauléon or of Pierre Firmin.

"I will beg you, my dear editor, to obtain clever, smart writers who know nothing about Socialists and Internationalists, who therefore will not commit *Le Sens Commun* by advocating the doctrines of those idiots, but who will flatter the vanity of the *canaille*—vaguely—write any stuff they please about the renown of Paris, 'the eye of the world,' 'the sun of the European system,' etc., of the artisans of Paris as supplying soul to that eye and fuel to that sun—any *blague* of that sort—*genre Victor Hugo.* But nothing definite against life and property, nothing that may not be considered hereafter as the harmless extravagance of a poetic enthusiasm. You might write such articles yourself. In fine, I want to excite the multitude, and yet not to commit our journal to the contempt of the few.

"Nothing is to be admitted that may bring the law upon us except it be signed by my name. There may be a moment in which it would be desirable for somebody to be sent to prison—in that case, I allow no substitute. I go myself.

"Now you have my most secret thoughts. I intrust them to your judgment with entire confidence. Monsieur Lebeau gave you a high character, which you have hitherto deserved. By-the-way, have you seen any thing lately of that *bourgeois* conspirator?"

"No; his professed business of letter-writer or agent is transferred to a clerk, who says M. Lebeau is abroad."

"Ah! I don't think that is true. I fancy I saw him the other evening gliding along the lanes of Belleville. He is too confirmed a conspirator to be long out of Paris; no place like Paris for seething brains."

"Have you known M. Lebeau long?" asked Rameau.

"Ay, many years. We are both Norman by birth, as you may perceive by something broad in our accent."

"Ha! I knew your voice was familiar to me; certainly it does remind me of Lebeau's."

"Normans are like each other in many things besides voice and accent—obstinacy, for instance, in clinging to ideas once formed; this makes them good friends and steadfast enemies. I would advise no man to make an enemy of Lebeau.

"*Au revoir, cher confrère.* Do not forget to present me to Mademoiselle Cicogna."

CHAPTER II.

On leaving De Mauléon and regaining his *coupé* Rameau felt at once bewildered and humbled, for he was not prepared for the tone of careless superiority which the Vicomte assumed over him. He had expected to be much complimented, and he comprehended vaguely that he had been somewhat snubbed. He was not only irritated—he was bewildered, for De Mauléon's political disquisitions did not leave any clear or definite idea on his mind as to the principles which, as editor of the *Sens Commun*, he was to see adequately represented and carried out. In truth, Rameau was one of those numerous Parisian politicians who have read little and reflected less on the government of men and states. Envy is said by a great French writer to be the vice of democracies. Envy certainly had made Rameau a democrat. He could talk and write glibly enough upon the themes of equality and fraternity, and was so far an ultra democrat that he thought moderation the sign of a mediocre understanding.

De Mauléon's talk, therefore, terribly perplexed him. It was unlike any thing he had heard before. Its revolutionary professions accompanied with so much scorn for the multitude, and the things the multitude desired, were Greek to him. He was not shocked by the cynicism which placed wisdom in using the passions of mankind as tools for the interests of an individual; but he did not understand the frankness of its avowal.

Nevertheless the man had dominated over and subdued him. He recognized the power of his contributor without clearly analyzing its nature—a power made up of large experience of life, of cold examination of doctrines that heated others—of patrician calm—of intellectual sneer—of collected confidence in self.

Besides, Rameau felt, with a nervous misgiving, that in this man, who so boldly proclaimed his contempt for the instruments he used, he had found a master. De Mauléon, then, was sole proprietor of the journal from which Rameau drew his resources, might at any time dismiss him, might at any time involve the journal in penalties which, even if Rameau could escape in his official capacity as editor, still might stop the *Sens Commun*, and with it Rameau's luxurious subsistence.

Altogether the visit to De Mauléon had been any thing but a pleasant one. He sought, as the carriage rolled on, to turn his thoughts to more agreeable subjects, and the image of Isaura rose before him. To do him justice, he had learned to love this girl as well as his nature would permit: he loved her with the whole strength of his imagination, and though his heart was somewhat cold, his imagination was very ardent. He loved her also with the whole strength of his vanity, and vanity was even a more preponderate organ of his system than imagination. To carry off as his prize one who had already achieved celebrity, whose beauty and fascination of manner were yet more acknowledged than her genius, would certainly be a glorious triumph.

Every Parisian of Rameau's stamp looks forward in marriage to a brilliant *salon*. What *salon* more brilliant than that which he and Isaura united could command? He had long conquered his early impulse of envy at Isaura's success—in fact, that success had become associated with his own, and had contributed greatly to his enrichment. So that to other motives of love he might add the prudential one of interest. Rameau well knew that his own vein of composition, however lauded by the cliques, and however unrivaled in his own eyes, was not one that brings much profit in the market. He compared himself to those poets who are too far in advance of their time to be quite as sure of bread-and-cheese as they are of immortal fame.

But he regarded Isaura's genius as of a lower order, and a thing in itself very marketable. Marry her, and the bread-and-cheese were so certain that he might elaborate as slowly as he pleased the verses destined to immortal fame. Then he should be independent of inferior creatures like Victor de Mauléon. But while Rameau convinced himself that he was passionately in love with Isaura, he could not satisfy himself that she was in love with him.

Though during the past year they had seen each other constantly, and their literary occupations had produced many sympathies between them—though he had intimated that many of his most eloquent love-poems were inspired by her—though he had asserted in prose, very pretty prose too, that she was all that youthful poets dream of, yet she had hitherto treated such declarations with a playful laugh, accepting them as elegant compliments inspired by Parisian gallantry, and he felt an angry and sore foreboding that if he were to insist too seriously on the earnestness of their import, and ask her plainly to be his wife, her refusal would be certain, and his visits to her house might be interdicted.

Still Isaura was unmarried—still she had refused offers of marriage from men higher placed than himself—still he divined no one whom she could prefer. And as he now leaned back in his *coupé* he muttered to himself, "Oh, if I could but get rid of that little demon Julie, I would devote myself so completely to winning Isaura's heart that I must succeed!—but how to get rid of Julie? She so adores me, and is so headstrong! She is capable of going to Isaura—showing my letters—making such a scene!"

Here he checked the carriage at a *café* on the Boulevard, descended, imbibed two glasses of absinthe, and then feeling much emboldened, remounted his *coupé*, and directed the driver to Isaura's apartment.

CHAPTER III.

YES, celebrities are of rapid growth in the *salons* of Paris. Far more solid than that of Rameau, far more brilliant than that of De Mauléon, was the celebrity which Isaura had now acquired. She had been unable to retain the pretty suburban villa at A——. The owner wanted to alter and enlarge it for his own residence, and she had been persuaded by Signora Venosta, who was always sighing for fresh *salons* to conquer, to remove (toward the close of the previous year) to apartments in the centre of the Parisian *beau monde*. Without formally professing to receive, on one evening in the week her *salon* was open to those who had eagerly sought her acquaintance—comprising many stars in the world of fashion as well as those in the world of art and letters. And as she had now wholly abandoned the idea of the profession for which her voice had been cultivated, she no longer shrunk from the exercise of her surpassing gift of song for the delight of private friends. Her physician had withdrawn the interdict on such exercise.

His skill, aided by the rich vitality of her constitution, had triumphed over all tendencies to the malady for which he had been consulted. To hear Isaura Cicogna sing in her own house was a privilege sought and prized by many who never read a word of her literary compositions. A good critic of a book is rare, but good judges of a voice are numberless. Adding this attraction of song to her youth, her beauty, her frank powers of converse—an innocent sweetness of manner free from all conventional affectation—and to the fresh novelty of a genius which inspired the young with enthusiasm and beguiled the old to indulgence, it was no wonder that Isaura became a celebrity at Paris.

Perhaps it was a wonder that her head was not turned by the adulation that surrounded her. But I believe, be it said with diffidence, that a woman of mind so superior that the mind never pretends to efface the heart is less intoxicated with flattery than a man equally exposed to it.

It is the strength of her heart that keeps her head sober. Isaura had never yet overcome her first romance of love; as yet, amidst all her triumphs, there was not a day in which her thoughts did not wistfully, mournfully, fly back to those blessed moments in which she felt her cheek color before a look, her heart beat at the sound of a footfall. Perhaps if there had been the customary finis to this young romance—the lover's deliberate renunciation, his formal farewell—the girl's pride would, ere this, have conquered her affection—possibly—who knows?—replaced it.

But, reader, be you male or female, have you ever known this sore trial of affection and pride, that from some cause or other, to you mysterious, the dear intercourse to which you had accustomed the secret life of your life abruptly ceases; you know that a something has come between you and the beloved which you can not distinguish, can not measure, can not guess, and therefore can not surmount; and you say to yourself at the dead of solitary night, "Oh for an explanation! Oh for one meeting more! All might be so easily set right; or if not, I should know the worst, and, knowing it, could conquer!"

This trial was Isaura's. There had been no explanation, no last farewell between her and Graham. She divined—no woman lightly makes a mistake there—that he loved her. She knew that this dread something had intervened between her and him when he took leave of her before others so many months ago; that this dread something still continued. What was it? She was certain that it would vanish, could they but once meet again and not before others. Oh for such a meeting!

She could not herself destroy hope. She could not marry another. She would have no heart to give to another while *he* was free, while in doubt if his heart was still her own. And thus her pride did not help her to conquer her affection.

Of Graham Vane she heard occasionally. He had ceased to correspond with Savarin; but among those who most frequented her *salon* were the Morleys. Americans so well educated and so well placed as the Morleys knew something about every Englishman of the social station of Graham Vane. Isaura learned from them that Graham, after a tour on the Continent, had returned to England at the commencement of the year, had been invited to stand for Parliament, had refused, that his name was in the list published by the *Morning Post* of the *élite* whose arrivals in London or whose presence at dinner-tables is recorded as an event. That the *Athenæum* had mentioned a rumor that Graham Vane was the author of a political pamphlet which, published anonymously, had made no inconsiderable sensation. Isaura sent to England for that pamphlet: the subject was somewhat dry, and the style, though clear and vigorous, was scarcely of the eloquence which wins the admiration of women; and yet she learned every word of it by heart.

We know how little she dreamed that the celebrity which she hailed as an approach to him was daily making her more remote. The sweet labors she undertook for that celebrity continued to be sweetened yet more by secret association with the absent one. How many of the passages most admired could never have been written had he been never known!

And she blessed those labors the more that they upheld her from the absolute feebleness of sickened reverie, beguiled her from the gnawing torture of unsatisfied conjecture. She did comply with Madame de Grantmesnil's command—did pass from the dusty *beaten* road of life into green fields and along flowery river-banks, and did enjoy that ideal by-world.

But still the one image which reigned over her human heart moved beside her in the gardens of fairy-land.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POVERTY AND MENTAL WORK.

THE want of money is, in the higher intellectual pursuits, the most common hinderance to thoroughness and excellence of work. De Sénancour, who, in consequence of a strange concatenation of misfortunes, was all his life struggling in shallows, suffered not from the privations themselves, but from the vague feeling that they stunted his intellectual growth; and any experienced student of human nature must be aware that De Sénancour was right. With larger means, he would have seen more of the world, and known it better, and written of it with riper wisdom. He said that the man "who only saw in poverty the direct effect of the money-privation, and only compared, for instance, an eightpenny dinner to one that cost ten shillings, would have no conception of the true nature of misfortune, for not to spend money is the least of the evils of poverty." Bossuet said that he "had no attachment to riches, and still if he had only what is barely necessary, if he felt himself narrowed, he would lose more than half his talents." Sainte-Beuve said, "Only think a little what a difference there is in the starting-point and in the employment of the faculties between a Duc de Luynes and a Sénancour." How many of the most distinguished authors have been dependent upon private means not simply for physical sustenance, but for the opportunities which they afforded of gaining that experience of life which was absolutely essential to the full growth of their mental faculties. Shelley's writings brought him no profit whatever, and without a private income he could not have produced them, for he had not a hundred buyers. Yet his *whole time* was employed in study or in travel, which for him was study of another kind, or else in the actual labor of composition. Wordsworth tried to become a London journalist and failed. A young man called Raisley Calvert died and left him £900; this saved the poet in Wordsworth, as it kept him till the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads*, and afterward other pieces of good luck happened to him, so that he could think and compose at leisure. Scott would not venture to devote himself to literature until he had first secured a comfortable income outside of it. Poor Kepler struggled with constant anxieties, and told fortunes by astrology for a livelihood, saying that astrology, as the daughter of astronomy, ought to keep her mother; but fancy a man of science wasting precious time over horoscopes! "I supplicate you," he writes to Mœstlin, "if there is a situation vacant at Tübingen, do what you can to obtain it for me, and let me know the prices of bread and wine and other necessaries of life, for my wife is not accustomed to live on beans." He had to accept all sorts of jobs; he made almanacs, and served any one who would pay him. His only tranquil time for study was when he lived in Styria on his wife's income—a tranquillity that did not last for long, and never returned. How different is this from the princely ease of Tycho Brahe, who labored for science alone, with all the help that the ingenuity of his age could furnish! There is the same contrast, in a later generation, between Schiller and Goethe. Poor Schiller "wasting so much of his precious life in literary hack-work; translating French books for a miserable pittance;" Goethe, fortunate in his pecuniary independence as in all the other great circumstances of his life, and this at a time when the pay of authors was so miserable that they could hardly exist by the pen. Schiller got a shilling a page for his translations. Merck, the publisher, offered three pounds sterling for a drama of Goethe. "If Europe praised me," Goethe said, "what has Europe done for me? Nothing. *Even my works have been an expense to me.*"

WHAT IS SUMMER MADE OF?

WHAT is Summer made of?
Of opening buds and flowers,
Of sunshine and of shadow,
And gracious little showers;
Of birds that in the tree-tops
Sing sweetly all the day,
Of buttercups and daisies,
And breath of new-mown hay.

Of butterflies that hover
O'er many a fragrant rose,
Of bees that gather honey
Where the honeysuckle grows;
Of brooks that murmur softly,
And through the meadows glide,
Of shadows shifting gently
Adown the mountain-side.

Of rainbows after showers,
Of starlight night so still,
Of moonbeams shimmering softly
O'er every brook and rill;
Of mornings dawning sweetly,
Of dew-wet grass and flowers:
Oh, summer-time is only
A life of golden hours!

KLEPTOMANIA.

FROM an interesting article under the above heading in the forth-coming volume of M'Clintock and Strong's *Cyclopedia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature*, published by Harper & Brothers, we take the following entertaining anecdotes:

Kleptomania is usually exhibited by persons who have no motive to steal, and is frequently satisfied by purloining articles of no value. A baronet of large fortune stole, while on the Continent, pieces of old iron and of broken crockery, and in such quantities that tons of these collections were presented to the custom-house officers. In the second volume of the *Medical Critic* the case of a female is detailed who could not resist the impulse of appropriating every thing within her reach. In searching this woman on one occasion there were found 15 bags upon her person, in which there were 1182 articles, mostly worthless, viz., 104 bits of paper, 82 sewing-needles, 18 old gloves, 12 moulds for wax leaves, 19 buttons, 60 feathers, 8 parcels of dried fish, 135 bits of ribbons, 9 bottles, 61 lozenges, and a variety of other articles, the refuse of the place, to which she had at various times taken a fancy.

Another case reported by high medical authority is that of a rich but eccentric gentleman living in an old manor-house in Lincolnshire, England. He was a good business man, and managed his estate with care and prudence, auditing his steward's yearly accounts with the skill of an expert. His neighbors were all kindly disposed toward him, and he was charitably disposed toward the poor. Even the servants who saw him every day, although they confessed that he was "certainly very peculiar at times," never once dreamed of impugning his intellect. He was insane in one direction only, and one might have passed a lifetime with him without discovering it. He would be seized by a sudden determination to travel, and on such occasions he would travel in state, with a retinue of servants. After a fortnight's or perhaps a month's absence, he would return home. Invariably, on the morning of the next day after his return, towels, which had been taken from an open portmanteau, were found scattered about the room. After breakfast, his custom was to retire to the library and write the addresses of all the hotel-keepers at whose houses he had slept during his absence on so many slips of writing-paper, with directions to his servants to inclose to each address the number of towels specified upon each piece of paper, and to copy such other writing as they might find there, and send this in a letter, with the towels, to the hotel-keeper. This gentleman was one of the unhappy race of kleptomaniacs, whose particular mania impelled him to purloin towels. He subsequently gave to a friend a history of his case, and said he was goaded to these journeyings and pilferings by an irresistible impulse, which he insisted was the result of demoniacal possession. He was never impelled, however, a second time on the same journey, so that, while no hotel-keeper would be likely to suspect, during his visit, a gentleman of his rank and style as one who would steal his towels, it never transpired publicly, so far as is known, that he was a thief, although his own consciousness of the fact imbittered his existence.

Sometimes, in the case of this form of monomania, there exists in the mind of the sufferer the delusion that what he steals is his own property, or has been stolen from him, and that he merely reclaims his own. Sometimes he imagines that God orders him to steal. The case is recorded of a Scotch clergyman, distinguished for his learning, piety, and charity; he stole Bibles with a special view to the glory of God by the propagation of the Gospel. His manse was a little "missionary society of stolen Bibles," and he was as much in earnest in the conversion of souls by the contraband process as the most enthusiastic foreign missionary could be in his calling. He was at last detected in wholesale Bible stealing. It was farther discovered that he had organized a wide missionary district, and left a Bible or a Testament at every cottage where it was needed along the route. The most touching fact in the story is that he was arrested while on his knees by the bedside of a dying old man with a stolen Bible lying wide open before him on the bed. "What made you steal the Bibles, Mr. B——?" asked the sheriff, with pious horror upon his face. "God made me steal them, good man," was the reply; "He was weary of seeing His poor people perish of Gospel-hunger because the rich Bible Society could not afford to feed them without the baubees, and so God set me to steal for them and save them." He could not be persuaded that he had done wrong. The delusion of the clergyman, who was a very poor man, naturally suggested insanity. But he was perfectly sane upon all other points, and it is doubtful whether he would have received the benefit of his malady—whether, indeed, it would have been admitted as a malady at all—if a learned and philosophical physician in a neighboring town had not positively sworn that he was the "victim of moral mania."

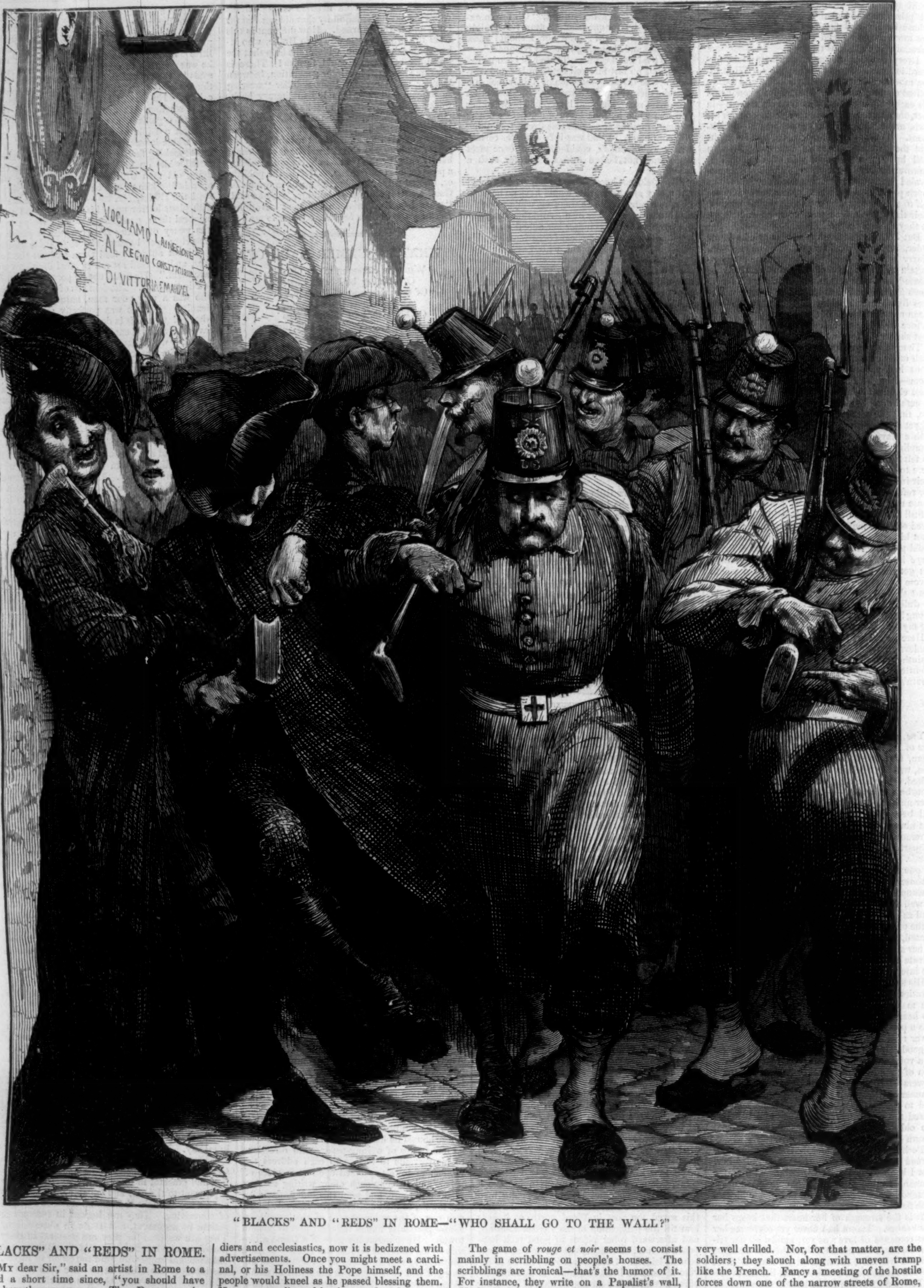
There is this peculiarity sometimes in the case of kleptomaniacs, that their purloining is confined to single articles. The case is reported of a lady who could not resist the temptation to steal silk stockings. Another lady would steal gloves whenever the opportunity was afforded. A boy was arrested some months since in Brooklyn for stealing slippers from the feet of ladies while walking in the street. His friends came forward and testified that he had been in the habit of stealing slippers, and was never known to have stolen any thing else, all his life. A letter-carrier in Harlem, New York, was detected in abstracting letters and concealing them under a rock, which he had practiced for more than a year. They were most carefully hoarded in his place of concealment, and were found unopened. It was proven in his case, we believe, that he had a mania for stealing letters, without any apparent motive, as he never made any use of them except to hoard them.

THE SONS OF HAM.

MUCH of the antipathy which we white people have to the Africans is, without doubt, simply owing to the difference which exists between us and them in color of skin and form of feature. This feeling is somewhat excusable; for it is rarely out of Africa that we meet with Africans who are calculated to win our admiration or regard. In England are generally seen certain miserable specimens of the West Coast negro races, or some spoiled and petted creature, for whom perhaps money is solicited, that he may be kept in a state of idleness, and who excites contempt by an aping of gentility, which sits upon him with an ill grace, or disgusts us with an assumption of superior piety, in which we can not believe. In America and the West Indies we find only slaves, or the descendants of slaves, who are more or less weighed down and degraded by the burden of their past or present servitude, and in whom, therefore, we find but little that is calculated to remove the barrier which exists to our unreserved acceptance of the African as "a man and a brother." From these, and such as these, who are almost invariably connected with the negro races of Western Africa, we have formed our opinions, and have had our feelings excited upon the Africans in general.

But though the negro is an African, all Africans are not negroes. There are the same varieties to be observed in the descendants of Ham as in those of Shem and Japheth. All are distinctly African; but the retreating forehead, prominent jaws, and ill-formed body with which the negro is generally credited are not common.

In South Africa there is a remarkable illustration of the physical and mental differences which may exist in tribes that are almost contiguous. The Bosjesmen are dwarfed in body and stunted in mind. Their language in its utterance seems to be not far removed from the unintelligent gibbering of the ape. Their habits are those of wild beasts rather than of human beings. They occupy about the lowest position in the scale of humanity. Yet we shall look in vain for finer specimens of the genus homo than the Zulu Caffres. They are tall in stature, manly in bearing, and graceful in movement. Their language is pleasant to the ear, and capable of expressing almost any thought the human mind is capable of conceiving. They are logical in reasoning, patient in argument, and acute in observation. They are warlike, for they are pastoral in their pursuits; and since the days of the Hyksos, the old shepherd kings who were the terror of Egypt, the lovers of flocks and herds have been fond of fighting. When their blood is up, their anger rages unchecked by tender regard or the claims of pity; but they do not brood over their wrongs, and they readily forget and forgive. "They fought us like men, and during a truce they behaved themselves like gentlemen," was said of them by a man who had been engaged in war against them. In times of peace they are courteous to strangers, liberal in hospitality, and to the trust reposed in them they respond with an Arab-like fidelity. When once the host has kissed the hand of his guest, there needs neither guards nor weapons, for his life and property are perfectly secure.

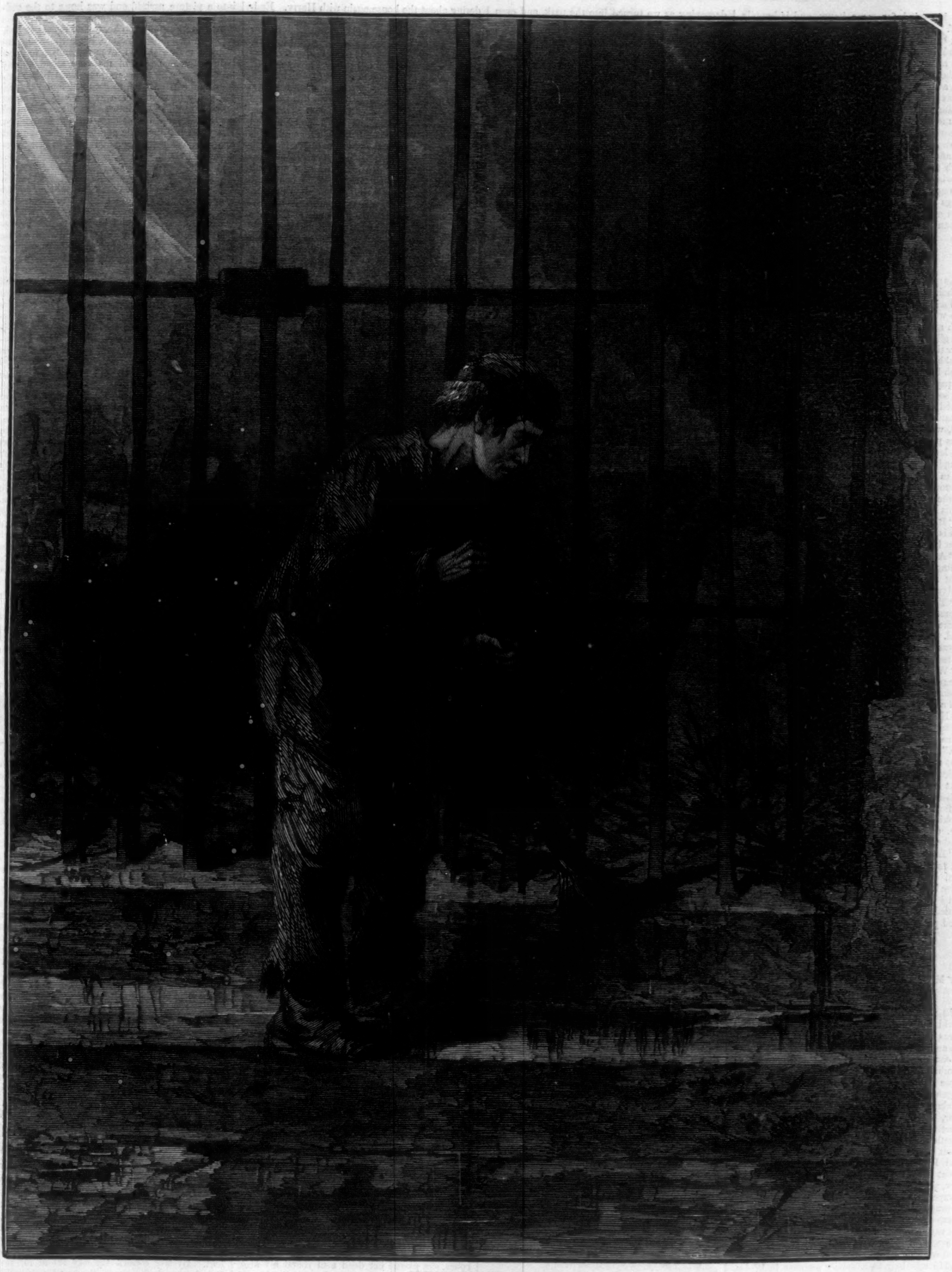


"BLACKS" AND "REDS" IN ROME—"WHO SHALL GO TO THE WALL?"

"BLACKS" AND "REDS" IN ROME.

"MY dear Sir," said an artist in Rome to a friend a short time since, "you should have come here three years ago. Then Rome was picturesque. Why, Sir, before these Piedmontese came there was not a house in Rome that was whitewashed. Now they are cleaning up every thing, repairing the ruins, scraping the Coliseum. The Eternal City is dead at last. Then a solemn stillness reigned in Rome; now the streets are filled with kiosks, and men and boys are all over the place screaming the names of innumerable newspapers, while in the good old time there were but two, and these never intrusive. Once the Corso was bright with costumes of Papal soldiers and ecclesiastics, now it is bedizened with advertisements. Once you might meet a cardinal, or his Holiness the Pope himself, and the people would kneel as he passed blessing them. Now you are elbowed by the crowd, and run over by unrelenting cabmen. They'll have an underground railway here next." The artist is a "laudator temporis acti," and his love of the picturesque allies him with the "Blacks" against the "Reds;" for all Rome is split into two parties, "Blacks" and "Reds," just as Florence in DANTE's time was split into *Bianchi* and *Neri* (Whites and Blacks). The Blacks, of course, are the priests in their sable garb; and the Reds, the innovators, the royalists. The soldiers are Reds.

The game of *rouge et noir* seems to consist mainly in scribbling on people's houses. The scribblings are ironical—that's the humor of it. For instance, they write on a Papalist's wall, *Vogliamo l' annessione al regno constituzionale;* or an immense SI, an answer in the affirmative to the imaginary question, "Are you for the Plebiscite?" Sometimes the inscriptions become truculent, *e. g.*, *Morte ai preti.* "We shall come to that one of these days—oh, we shall," said an old priest. There are whole regiments of recruits for the sacerdotal ranks in Rome, but they are unarmed, save with umbrellas and the pen and the book, and these are no match for the bullet and bayonet. These seminarists always march in double file, and are not very well drilled. Nor, for that matter, are the soldiers; they slouch along with uneven tramp like the French. Fancy a meeting of the hostile forces down one of the narrow streets of Rome, say a turning out of the Borgo. Overhead is an archway of the covered way that leads from the Vatican to the Castle of St. Angelo—no thoroughfare just at present. The soldiers take the middle of the road, the seminarists that part of it which is divided from the rest by a line of diamond-shaped stones larger than usual, and which ought to be a pathway. On come the soldiers, "typical," whispers a Red, "of the irresistible march of progress." The thin seminarists wax thinner as they press against the wall, or even kiss the hated legend, "Vogliamo l' annessione."



BLEAK HOUSE—JO.

BLEAK HOUSE—JO.

To those of our readers who are familiar with DICKENS's thrilling story of *Bleak House*—a new edition of which is just published by HARPER & BROTHERS, with sixty-one admirable illustrations—the subject of our picture on this page needs no introduction. Jo played by far too important a part in the exciting drama to be forgotten. Of the ignorant little sweeper of street crossings the novelist says:

"Jo lives—that is to say, Jo has not yet died—in a ruinous place, known to the like of him by the name of Tom-all-alone's. It is a black, dilapidated street avoided by all decent people; where the crazy houses were seized upon, when their decay was far advanced, by some bold vagrants, who, after establishing their own possession, took to letting them out in lodgings. Now these tumbling tenements contain, by night, a swarm of misery. As on the ruined human wretch vermin parasites appear, so these ruined shelters have bred a crowd of foul existence that crawls in and out of gaps in walls and boards; and coils itself to sleep, in maggot numbers, where the rain drips in; and comes and goes, fetching and carrying fever, and sowing more evil in its every foot-print than Lord Coodle, and Sir Thomas Doodle, and the Duke of Foodle, and all the fine gentlemen in office, down to Zoodle, shall set right in five hundred years—though born expressly to do it.

"Jo comes out of Tom-all-alone's, meeting the tardy morning, which is always late in getting down there, and munches his dirty bit of bread as he comes along. His way lying through many streets, and the houses not yet being open, he sits down to breakfast on the door-step of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and gives it a brush when he has finished as an acknowledgment of the accommodation. He admires the size of the edifice, and wonders what it's all about. He has no idea, poor wretch, of the spiritual destitution of a coral reef in the Pacific, or what it costs to look up the precious souls among the cocoa-nuts and bread-fruit.

"He goes to his crossing, and begins to lay it out for the day. The town awakes; the great tee-totum is set up for its daily spin and whirl; all that unaccountable reading and writing which has been suspended for a few hours recommences. Jo and the other lower animals get on in the unintelligible mess as they can. It is market-day. The blinded oxen, overgoaded, overdriven, never guided, run into wrong places and are beaten out, and plunge, red-eyed and foaming, at stone walls, and often sorely hurt the innocent, and often sorely hurt themselves. Very like Jo and his order—very, very like!

"A band of music comes and plays. Jo listens to it. So does a dog—a drover's dog, waiting for his master outside a butcher's shop, and evidently thinking about those sheep he has had upon his mind for some hours, and is happily rid of. He seems perplexed respecting three or four; can't remember where he left them; looks up and down the street, as half expecting to see them astray; suddenly pricks up his ears and remembers all about it. A thoroughly vagabond dog, accustomed to low company and public-houses; a terrific dog to sheep; ready at a whistle to scamper over their backs, and tear out mouthfuls of their wool; but an educated, improved, developed dog, who has been taught his duties, and knows how to discharge them. He and Jo listen to the music, probably with much the same amount of animal satisfaction; likewise as to awakened association, aspiration, or regret, melancholy or joyful reference to things beyond the senses, they are probably upon a par. But, otherwise, how far above the human listener is the brute!"

PICTURE AND FRAME.

As an instance of the value which artists attach to their frames, it may not be out of place to cite an incident in the writer's recollection. A certain well-known English landscape painter had such an inordinate fancy for viewing his picture in a gilt frame that he invariably framed his work after the first coloring and general effect had been "rubbed in," and in this condition contrived to finish his painting. My friend had a reputation for rapid, though by no means slovenly work; and so facile was he with the brush that it is reported that in less than a week a large and important work had been conceived, completed, and, what is better, disposed of. This expeditious painter was usually represented in most of the leading exhibitions throughout the United Kingdom, but on one occasion the day for "sending in" contributions had altogether escaped his memory. Some friends who entered his studio on the appointed day in question reminded him of his omission.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed our friend; "so this is the day, is it? How many hours does it want before the doors are closed?"

"About twelve," replied one of his visitors; adding, "but if you have any work in hand, I must remind you that you have only six hours of daylight for finishing it in."

"Then be good enough to reach me that frame."

The frame was produced and placed upon the easel. The artist then looked about for a clean canvas to fit into it, but in vain; no canvas of the required size was to be found.

"Will one of you fellows run round to my color man's and bring me a twenty-sixteen canvas?"

Some one volunteered, and presently returned with a brand-new white "cloth."

"Now be good enough, all of you, to make yourselves scarce till six o'clock, when you may return, if you like, and see my exhibition picture." His guests obeyed, but not before the great man had dashed on with a full brush the outline of his work.

At six, to the minute, his guests returned, not to discover the artist immersed in his labors, but to find him quietly seated in his arm-chair, smoking a favorite pipe, caressing a fat bull-dog, and contemplating his wet but perfectly finished masterpiece.

"Lucky you're punctual," he observed, without removing his gaze from the landscape before him. "The man called half an hour ago to inquire if I had any picture to send for exhibition, and I requested him to wait below till you returned." That same landscape was hung in a good place, and immediately sold.

THE DUMBERDENE.

By Miss K. L. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

I.—A DREAM.

It would be impossible to find in the wide world a more thorough disbeliever in ghosts than I was in the year 18—. An Eton boy, full of life and spirits, fearless and active, I was the last person to believe in any thing approaching to humbug. That is what I should have said in those days, and I say it now to show you how ungenial was the soil which was yet destined to produce a goodly crop of faith. In that said year, 18—, Harry Bandeswyke and I, aged respectively eighteen and seventeen, matriculated together at —— College, Oxford. We were great friends and constant companions, Harry and I, and were as different in every way as great friends generally are. He was a big fellow, six feet six without his shoes, brave, sweet-tempered, silent, lazy. A man to sleep soundly through a Walpurgis-night, to yawn and go to sleep again if he chanced to wake while the spirits raged round him. I was slight and excitable, with a quick temper and no lack of words. Yet we were sworn allies.

He was heir to a goodly property in Wales, which, however, he had never seen. It belonged to distant cousins, and besides a fine old castle and many acres of mountain, there was a fine old quarrel to keep up. With a lamentable want of respect for the originators of the feud, the present possessor of that great privilege appeared inclined to stretch forth the hand of friendship to his heir. In point of fact, he did stretch out that hand at the time my story begins, and invited Harry to spend the vacation at the Dumberdene, for this was the extraordinary name of an extraordinary place. Harry was engaged to me; but his answer to that effect producing a cordial invitation to bring his friend with him, we at once resolved to go.

It was a long journey in those days, and we arrived late after a tedious drive, for the Dumberdene was in the wildest part of ——, far in among the mountains. The evening gloom was deepening as we turned into the park, and even then we had another three-quarters of an hour's work before us; for, after a short run on level ground, we began to ascend another interminable mountain zigzag. At length, after a short pull more abrupt than any we had yet experienced, the carriage came to a stop, and I exclaimed with regret that it was too dark to see the house. We were mistaken. It was only too dark because we were already in the house. The carriage rolled forward once more through a short passage cut out of the rock, and we found ourselves in a hall of vast dimensions, lighted by a huge lamp in the centre, and a bonfire of wood at each end. That was our first entrance into the Dumberdene. We both burst out laughing with boyish glee. Ah, could we have foreseen how sadly linked with our future lives was much that was very near us then, but of which we little dreamed!

We were most kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Bandeswyke, and their only child Gwen. I suppose the name of the latter was Gwendolin, but I never heard her called any thing but Gwen. She was tall, fair, and stately. A face calm and self-possessed; grand with the beauty of a pure and truthful spirit portrayed in each feature; a woman to trust in the hour of danger. Her father was, with the exception of Harry, the most silent man I ever met; perpetually brooding over—what? A crime? a mystery? a problem? The mother was commonplace enough; small, dark, active, and energetic; managing every thing and every body, and talking enough for husband, child, and cousin. We were alone. Mrs. Bandeswyke told us with many apologies that the friends who were asked to meet us could not arrive till the following day. She feared we should find it dull. I feared so too, and vehemently asserted the contrary. Gwen was evidently not the young lady to amuse my passing hour. Harry's silence always appeared sufficient unto him. The family retired to rest early, leaving us alone. Mr. Bandeswyke apologized in fewer words than I should have thought possible. He was somewhat of an invalid. He hoped we should make ourselves quite at home.

"Lively work," said I, as the door closed; "I mean to go mad, Harry; will you?"

"Certainly."

"It is a queer old place. Fancy rumbling into the ancestral hall in one's carriage. I don't half like it. It is producing a bad effect on my delicate constitution. I feel ghostly all over. I am already suffering from ghost of the heart, ghost in all my limbs, very bad ghost indeed in my head and face, and shall shortly die of delirium ghostums. Harry!"

"Well?"

"How do you feel in the abode of your ancestors?"

No answer. To this I was accustomed, and I rattled on as usual; walking restlessly about the room, peering behind the tall old-fashioned screens, and looking into the quaint cabinets.

Presently I proposed that we should explore the rooms near us.

"No," said Harry, in a voice which meant no. He would have done it in any other house, but this was to be his own some day. Then I suggested that we should go out and smoke. It was our last new accomplishment, for those were days when boys did not smoke until they were called young men, and girls did not flirt till they were seventeen. We have changed all that now, and the poor young people are no longer deprived of these privileges for four or five years.

Harry rose, and stalked to the door. We had some difficulty in finding our way out. In fact, we wandered to the butler's room, and had to be set right and to encounter sundry remonstrances from that individual, an old and privileged servant. It was pitch dark when we stood outside the house, but presently the moon passed from behind a cloud, and we stepped forward to have a look at the place. It was an enormous pile of building, very ancient, especially one portion, which, partially in a ruinous state, stretched away so far among trees, foliage, and mountains that in the pale moonlight we could not discern where it ended. We both uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and I turned to Harry with a low bow, and congratulated him on his heirship to this mass of ghostliness and ruin.

"Don't be an ass," said Harry, as he moved toward the house, for at this moment the moon was again obscured, and a driving rain set in. We had gone out by a side-door, and though we returned by the same, we again lost our way, and found ourselves, after much wandering, once more in the great entrance-hall. I knew that our rooms were not far off, and professing an accurate knowledge, I went on first with the light. Harry lingered, and I looked back to see why he did not follow me. He was standing at the entrance of the passage down which I had turned, and was groping about with his right hand, as if struck with sudden blindness.

"What is the matter?" said I. "Come on, can't you?"

"I can't find the handle of the door," said he, still fumbling.

"What door?"

"The door you shut."

"I shut no door. There is no door," said I, laughing; but it just passed through my mind, though I did not remember it till afterward, that his voice did sound muffled, as if a door were shut between us. I stepped back into the hall. There was no door; and as we walked back together, I laughed at Harry, and asked him if he did not think he too was suffering from delirium ghostums, or at least a slight attack of ghost in the joints.

It was the wrong passage after all, for it ended in a real door of immense thickness, bolted and barred. Soon after that we found our way and our rooms, and went to bed.

I had a dream. Such a dream. I was wandering about the house again with Harry. Endless passages, dark, gloomy, and damp, crowded with pictures and quaint old furniture; long low rooms, dimly lighted by deep slits of windows, over which the ivy hung in thick festoons. Presently I stumbled, and fell rather heavily against a projecting fire-place, one side of which started back with a creak, leaving an aperture large enough to admit a man. Through this we crept into a room. It was small and many-cornered, crowded with rubbish and pervaded by a faint sickly odor. Black beetles and other huge insects raced across the floor as we advanced. The ceiling was covered with flat globular insects, nearly an inch in size, and sending forth a dreary creaking sound. "What can these be?" said I; and something seemed to answer, "These are cocoons." These creatures have nothing to do with my tale. I did not at the time know the meaning of the word, and I merely mention the circumstance as part of my dream, proving that it was a *bona fide* one, characterized, as dreams usually are, by all that is odd and unconnected.

A mass of something which looked like a woman's dress lay in the window, but covered with the dust of centuries, and undistinguishable in the dim light, for the room was low and dark, and the shutters half closed. As our eyes became accustomed to the gloom, we perceived in one corner a tattered bed; it was very small, but its appearance was indescribably dreary, and we felt such horror that for some moments we recoiled from approaching it. The heavy tapestry curtains were closed all around. Every fold hung straight down, and seemed to breathe mystery. At length we advanced together, and with trembling hands drew them back. On the bed lay the figure of a child in the dress of a century past, the head half buried beneath one arm, the face turned to the wall. A luxuriant growth of long, sad-colored hair half concealed the body.

Harry and I gazed in wondering incredulity. We dared not touch the cold still form. We dared not look on the young dead face. As we gazed, a faint air stirred the heavy atmosphere, and we distinctly heard a whisper pass by us: "So has he lain for a hundred years." My heart was thumping against my side—drops stood on my forehead. I would have fled. Harry stopped me. His face was deadly white, his mouth firmly set as he leaned over the body and gently turned the face to view. It was that of a beautiful child—a boy. Beautiful still, with a singular expression of sweetness and patience, in spite of the terrible emaciation, and of a quaint look of old age, which I have since learned is produced by suffering and starvation. There were no signs of decay, but the flesh—for flesh it was, though shriveled—was of one uniform light brown color. As we still gazed with painful fascination, the head still resting on Harry's arm, a long tremulous shiver ran through the whole frame, the eyelids slightly quivered, the limbs attempted a faint stretch, and then falling from Harry's almost paralyzed hands, the whole form fell back as before. We fled in uncontrollable horror. Here my dream became indistinct, and I can recall but two other incidents. We were still wandering about the house, with a feeling of awe and an ardent desire to find our way out, when, pausing for a moment in a dark passage, we both distinctly heard a deep sigh close to us; and as we grasped one another's hands in horror, footsteps approached us—uneven, halting footsteps, with a squeaking sound of iron against iron, as though one walked with an iron frame. Soon after this, we were in a gloomy gallery, in which the pictures hung strangely—not against the wall, but from the ceiling. They were moved slowly and grimly backward and forward by the draughts of the old building. One moved not backward and forward, but up and down. It was the picture of a large fair woman, with a hateful face—a cruel, wicked face. There was a slight squint in the eyes, and the heavy flaxen hair was brought very forward over the brow, and bunched out on each side. She was dressed in crimson velvet, over which hung long black robes, which swept the ground. In her hand was a lighted candle, which cast a lurid red light on her bare arm and on one-half of her face. In my dream I stopped before her, and with a ghastly effort to overcome the scene of terror, boldly asked her,

"Why do you move like that?"

There was a long shivering whisper, every word as distinct as possible.

"Because I loved dancing too much in my past, and now they will not let me rest."

They were mocking tones, and instinctively I knew that it was a lying whisper, and in my heart I hated that woman. Yet I could not leave her, and tauntingly I remarked on the quaintness of her long black robes, and said I should like to have them for a masquerade. I was no way surprised to see her slide down from the ceiling and step out of her frame; but I felt half strangled when, after taking off the black robes, she passed her dead arm round my neck to fasten them upon me. Beautifully formed and white as snow, half that arm was of icy coldness, half burned like fire. After that all was confusion. Only I know that Harry was no longer with me. I was alone, yet not alone, for every picture was astir. Men, women, and children stepped out of their frames, some turning and hanging them carefully up, others smashing every atom. They walked up and down, wringing their hands and moaning bitterly. The backgrounds were a sore puzzle to me; some remained in the frames, but some still clung to the figures. That was the only thing that surprised me. If a picture disputed the passage with me, I merely replaced him in his frame. If he did it again, I hung him up. Some stood back to let me pass, others turned to follow me. One old man caught his wig in his own frame, and I was in the act of helping him, when I turned into a picture myself, and was hung to the ceiling by the cruel-faced woman.

At this moment I awoke, to find myself in bed, a person and not a picture, but a more uncomfortable person than I ever remember to have been before. Drops of moisture stood on my face, my very hair was wet, my heart beat painfully, and when I tried to get up, I found myself too giddy to stand. It was the very strongest possible proof of the impression that dream had made that I did not at once call out for Harry. I staggered to the table and took a long draught of water, and then staggered back to bed to recover as I could.

II.—AN ADVENTURE.

I managed to be in time for breakfast, and to keep out of the way of Harry's remarks until I had somewhat recovered myself; but not one word of my dream did I breathe to him or any body else. The day was long and dull, to me at least, although it was chiefly spent in walking and riding over the property at some future time to be Harry's.

He was not dull, for Gwen was with us all day; and although it was hardly a case of love at first sight, that good calm face had evidently a growing attraction for him. Mrs. Bandeswyke meant that it should be so, and was officious enough to have spoiled all. Harry, however, seemed scarcely aware of her existence in the fascination of her daughter's presence, and to the same cause I attributed his taking no notice of my unusual silence.

After breakfast we all set forth to look over the house, first going out-of-doors to gain an idea of the exterior. I had never even imagined such a place. Its size alone made it remarkable, and the massive walls and buttresses, the enormous beams, and narrow loop-holes of windows suggested the idea that it had been originally built for defense. It stood on a terrace or table-land of the mountain, which towered thousands of feet above it at the back, and descended precipitately about a hundred yards from the front. Yet few places could be more entirely concealed from view from below, for gigantic arms of rock formed a natural wall of great height on the edge of the precipice, entirely inclosing the castle, which was only approachable from two points. A short artificial tunnel hewn in the rocks at the back, and guarded by a portcullis, admitted the carriage road into the very house, while a natural gap in the rocks in front let in a narrow view of the glorious landscape below, and formed the entrance to a short flight of steps leading directly to a mountain path which rivaled the Wengern Alp for abruptness and beauty. So completely was the castle, in the oldest part, built into the rock that God's work and man's work were here hardly to be distinguished apart. The difficulty was increased by the partially ruined state of this portion of the building, and still more so by one peculiar feature of this magnificent place, viz., the luxuriance of the trees and foliage. Three enormous cedars partially concealed the ruins from almost every point of view, and the mass of foliage which crept down the mountain-side entwined itself alike round rock and stone, brick and buttress. The morning light showed us that the hall into which we had driven the night before divided the older building from the more modern part, which alone was inhabited, and I made the further discovery that our bedrooms were the last occupied rooms on that side, and were consequently adjoining the deserted portion of the castle.

When we had looked and admired long enough, we passed through the great hall to the cloisters, and from thence to a gloomy chapel full of banners and escutcheons of many a generation past. At the end of all the sight-seeing we found ourselves on the battlements, from which a fabulous number of counties and churches were to be seen. We returned to the house by a trap-door and short steps into a low dark lobby, full of rubbish, boxes piled up, old furniture, injured pictures, etc.

"The lumber-room," said Mr. Bandeswyke, shortly, as he led the way rapidly to the staircase. My attention was attracted by a curious old screen, and I stopped to examine it. Behind it was a door so curious that I called to Harry to come and look at it. It was arched in form, and of immense strength, though very low. Five bands of iron nearly a foot in breadth were nailed across it.

"Surely, Sir, this is a curiosity," said I, turning to Mr. Bandeswyke. He was gone, but Gwen stood beside us. Gwen and Harry and I. Ah, once more were we destined to stand side by side at that door!

"It is," said she, answering my remark; "it leads to the old part of the house, which my father considers unsafe, so that it is never entered. I believe this door has sad associations for him. He never likes to hear it talked of."

At another time I should have teased Gwen with boyish curiosity to tell us more, but the oppression which I could not shake off kept me silent. By five o'clock the day set in for rain. By six, we had one of the most tremendous storms it has ever been my lot to witness. Our ride had been cut short, and we were employing ourselves as best we might in the billiard-room, when the door burst open, and the old butler tottered into the room. There was that in his appearance which made us leave our game and gaze at him with astonishment. His hand trembled, his dress and hair were disarranged and wet. Evidently he had been out in the storm.

"Master, the tree's down, and this is the 26th August!" he exclaimed, in a choked voice. And Mr. Bandeswyke, the last to see him, turned suddenly in the very act of playing, and promptly responded, "You old fool!" in a tone of such energy, and a manner so different from his usual reserve, that Harry and I looked at one another in amazement.

Mr. Bandeswyke and his servant vanished behind the swing-door almost as soon as the two sentences were uttered, and Gwen recalled us to our game with a composure which made us feel that the incident was no business of ours. Mrs. Bandeswyke had less tact, and poured forth excuses for master and man. Gwen quietly stopped her with the remark that Ransley was a very old servant, and so attached to the place that the loss of a single tree was a real trial to him. With a mind prepared to receive strange impressions in this strange place, I, however, fancied that her carelessness was assumed, and narrowly watching, I perceived that her hand trembled as she tried to steady her mace.

Mr. Bandeswyke appeared no more till the arrival of the other guests, and before that event occurred we had a dreary time of it; for Gwen likewise disappeared, and we were left to the tender mercies of her mother. I escaped after a while, and was in the act of opening the front-door to have a look at the storm, when it was hastily opened from without, and Gwen, covered by a large plaid, but wet from head to foot, stepped quietly into the hall. I uttered an exclamation of astonishment, but without the slightest word of explanation she merely bowed her head and passed on to her room. I had no time to wonder, for at that moment the guests arrived, and I was captured by my host.

The guests were dull, Harry was dull, Mr. Bandeswyke was dull, I was dull. I may as well say it at once: we were all dull, save Gwen, who was just as usual. In spite of that, I was glad when we dispersed for the night, even while I dreaded the night.

"Let's go out and smoke," I whispered to Harry, as we stood together at the drawing-room door.

Gwen was close to us and heard. She turned back and said, loud enough for her father to hear,

"Oh, not to-night, do not go out to-night. It is so damp after these storms."

It was unlike Gwen. I felt annoyed. Old Bandeswyke waxed paternal on the spot.

"My dear boys, don't think of such a thing. You have no idea of our mountain air after a storm. Go to the billiard-room."

We thanked him, and vanished to our rooms. My curiosity was again roused. Why were father and daughter leagued to prevent us from going out? Of course we went.

"I wonder why they did not want us to go," said I.

"Rheumatism," said Harry, shortly.

"Humbug," responded I, not more lengthily, and then added, "That might do for madam, not for master, or for—"

"Miss Bandeswyke," interrupted Harry, with decision.

Then I knew what was to happen. We had talked of her as Gwen before we came to the Dumberdene.

We walked on in silence till we came to the top of the steps leading down the mountain. Then we turned and smoked in silence. It was again a gusty, fitful night. The wind was sobbing itself to sleep, like an angry child after a fit of passion, occasionally bursting forth with fresh though subdued violence, and then subsiding to a dead calm. The moon, which was at the full, was almost entirely obscured by masses of black clouds, driven wildly over her face. For one moment, as we stood under the rocky wall, the full mild light illumined the scene before us—the old castle, the mountain, the trees. Involuntarily we both started forward, for that moment had revealed to us the largest of the great cedars prostrate on the ground. In its fall a mass of foliage had been torn from the old building, which was now bared to the eye.

"The tree *is* fallen," I exclaimed. Again the moonlight passed away, and for a minute the darkness was dense. The old tower clock struck the hour. We counted the strokes; there were thirteen. As the last hoarse clanking sound died away, the scene was once more illuminated. Not by the moon, however. A red light blazed suddenly forth inside the ruin, exactly behind where the fallen cedar had stood. The house was on fire! A red light, a dull glowing red. We could see the flames, and we could see figures pass before them. We rushed forward. Lightest and most active, I was first at the spot. As I approached, one figure became distinctly visible as it passed and repassed before the fire. Nay, I paused in horror till Harry joined me; for though the flames were confined to one room, they were apparently beyond control, and yet this figure was plainly adding to their fury, and with a long iron rod heaping up fuel and rousing the flame. We were now so close to the house that we could see every line of the man's countenance, and it was an evil one; eyes near together, a large purple scar across the face, coarse straight black hair, a villainous expression, a dirty woolen cap with a red tassel on one side of his head, the left leg somewhat shrunk, and supported by an iron frame, the squeaking of which we heard distinctly as he limped round his diabolical work. Presently he paused, and, taking up a small box, scattered the contents into the fire. Its character changed in an instant to a vivid green, rendering his countenance ghastly. Apparently the heat was unbearable, for he stepped hastily back. Ha! he stumbles—tries to save himself; in vain! He falls, and falls into the very middle of that furnace, with a shriek which freezes the blood in our veins. Again we dashed forward, and the moon once more lending her light, we clambered, grasping and clinging to the ivy, straight up the old wall, and crashing through the window, we stood in the burning room.

It was empty—no fire, no man! But as if to mock us, as if to prove that we had not been dreaming, a large space in the centre was lowered and bricked as if to contain a fire; a curious chimney, shaped like an extinguisher, hung over it from the ceiling; ashes and cinders, among which some charred bones were plainly visible, were scattered about, *and an iron frame was lying straight across a quaint fire-place.*

It was a moment never to be forgotten. We looked at one another in silence. Even Harry was moved.

"Can we have come to the wrong room?" I whispered.

He shook his head, and pointed to the iron. Then he crossed the room, and tried a door. It was locked, but the lock was old, and we could easily have burst it, if the moonlight had not again left us in pitch darkness. "Come away," I whispered. I am ashamed to say I was trembling like a girl. My dream had thoroughly unnerved me.

"I mean to see this out," replied Harry. "Of course it is a trick. Will you fetch the lantern, or shall I?"

Both appeared equally terrible, to leave him or to be left.

"You will be quickest. I will wait," said he, in a tone which admitted no reply; and I was out of the window and scrambling down the ivy in a second.

As I returned with the lantern, which fortunately we had taken out with us, I again paused in horror, for the flames were again visible, and the man with the iron was once more stirring them up and limping round them. And there, in the midst of this ghastly scene, stood my own Harry, calm, and apparently unconscious of what was passing around him. His tall figure and handsome face were as plainly to be seen as his terrible companion. It was with a sound that was more of a sob than a cry that I dashed on, tearing my hands and my clothes as I almost flew up the ivy and swung myself into the room. Then I turned faint with terror, for again it was empty, excepting that Harry stood waiting as I left him. I think he was surprised at my want of pluck. His nerves had been shaken by no previous warning, and his temperament was not excitable like mine.

We tried in vain to force open that door. Old and slight as the lock appeared, it resisted all our efforts. We paused. And then distinctly we heard a footstep approaching the other side, a halting footstep, a creaking iron. A hand was on the lock. The bolts flew back, and slowly and heavily the door swung open. We hastily raised the lantern, and stepped out into the passage. No one was to be seen. Only a sound as of rats and of falling plaster, and then all was still. Only the wind rose with a dreary moan through the loop-holes above us, and passed us with a rush as it wailed down the passage. We went on, through countless rooms and passages, some wide and vaulted, some narrow and lofty, under deep archways, round massive buttresses, now down a broad oak staircase, now up steep winding steps, till our heads grew giddy. We were astonished to find the oak floors firm, and the walls, though dripping with moisture and covered with damp in places, perfectly solid. The place was safe and perfectly habitable. Why, then, was it deserted? We grew bewildered, and I was oppressed with that strange feeling that all this had happened before. Suddenly my heart stood still with wonder. It *had* all happened before. It was the realization of my dream. We had turned into the picture-gallery, and there were the pictures as I had seen them, hanging not against the wall, but from the ceiling, and swinging to and fro; all but one, the stately lady in black robes, and she was moving up and down. I almost expected her to descend and fling her robes around me, as in my dream. It was horrible to know my way as I did now. I fancied Harry looked at me with surprise as I turned with decision to the lobby on the left, and walking straight up to the projecting chimney, touched it, and then stood aside to allow the panel to fall out. It did so, and Harry followed me into a room. *The* room. Was I dreaming still? Harry said "No," when I asked him. Yet there it all was—the beetles racing, the "cocoons" creaking, the heap of drapery in the darkened window, the small bed in the corner, and, as we paused, we both became aware of the peculiar sickly odor, as in my dream. And of something more. There was in that room what I can only describe as the consciousness of a presence. The wind had died away in a long lull; not a sound was heard save the hoarse creaking of the "cocoons" and our own troubled breathing, and yet we both felt that we were not alone. A hot flush mounted to Harry's brow. I know that I was deadly pale. We looked instinctively toward the bed. Our eyes met. We advanced together. Again we paused. Could it be possible that we heard the faintest sound of breathing not our own? The tattered curtains were closed; through the slits we could see something, yet we could distinguish nothing. Harry put out his hand, and gently drew them back. Yes. There it lay, that still form. The long hair covered it, and the head was turned away, as I had seen it. And, as before, Harry raised the head and turned the young dead face toward us, and we saw the high-bred delicate features, the old-young look, the strange coloring. And then came the long shivering sigh, the slight tremulous stretching, and the sinking back to the awful repose. And then a shriek, a woman's wail, burst forth so close, so very close, that it seemed in our very ears, and the breath that sent it forth played upon our cheeks. Without waiting for it to die away, as it did with a prolonged wail through the vaulted corridors, we rushed from the room, fled through the passages, stumbled down a staircase, and, how I know not, found ourselves safe in the open air. We never went to bed that night. We passed it in Harry's room, in wondering discussion of the adventure. Never had I seen Harry so roused. He still leaned strongly to the opinion that some trickery was at work, and with morning light grew ashamed of our panic. He resolved to relate the whole to Mr. Bandeswyke. Firm as was my belief in Harry's wisdom, I could not convince myself that all that we had seen and heard was attributable to natural causes alone.

The next morning we sought and obtained a private interview with our host, and Harry told our tale. Never did man's face cloud over as Mr. Bandeswyke's, when he began to perceive the gist of Harry's remark.

"Then, in spite of my warning, you did go out last night," was his first observation. After that he listened in silence to the end, and then he said, with a smile, for which I hated him, "When the property is yours, young Sir, you will probably fathom the mystery."

Harry colored violently, but disdained to reply. I was up in arms at once. "I hope, Sir, you do not for a moment do Harry the gross injustice—"

"I have heard your tale," interrupted Mr. Bandeswyke, utterly ignoring my existence, and addressing Harry; "I have heard your tale. Possibly I hold the key to the mystery. Possibly it is a mystery to me. At all events, it is as yet no business of yours, and I must request that your lips will be closed on the subject during my lifetime. You will also answer for your friend's discretion. Do you like to ride to-day?"

I fancy even Harry was nettled at this reply, and at the abrupt transition of subject, and I own that I listened with delight to his rejoinder, which was merely an announcement that we must leave the Dumberdene that day. Not only was he hurt at Mr. Bandeswyke's manner, but in my heart I felt convinced that his repugnance was as great as my own to passing another night in that haunted pile.

Mr. Bandeswyke seemed rather surprised, but received our decision with indifference. An hour later I was amused by his seeking us with regrets at our sudden departure, entreaties that we would stay, and invitations to us to join the family in Italy in the autumn. All this I attributed to Mrs. Bandeswyke, who was evidently much vexed at losing us, and I was almost angry with Harry for his cordial reception of the last proposal. Gwen was very still, very silent. So was Harry all that day, and the next, and for many days to come. He seemed to have grown ten years older in that short visit to his future home.

III.—A FALL.

Years passed before either of us revisited the Dumberdene. Our friendship suffered no diminution, though our careers were very different. I was ordained, and succeeded to a comfortable family living. Harry married Gwen, as I knew he would. He saw a great deal of her abroad, where the Bandeswykes lived almost entirely after our ill-fated visit. The Dumberdene was shut up. At length, Mr. Bandeswyke being dead and his widow settled in London, Harry and Gwen resolved to return to the old place, with their son, a boy of six or seven. The following note apprised me of their intentions:

> "Grosvenor Street, *July*, 18—.
>
> "Dear Charlie,—We are in England again, and mean to live at the Dumberdene. Gwen and I shall be there on the 11th. I ask you to join us as the greatest possible favor. I know your horror of the place, but the mystery must be solved. I need your help as friend and clergyman. I know more than I did. Come. Prepare to rough it, as we bring no servants at first—for reasons. We leave the boy in town. Yours ever, Harry Bandeswyke."

"As friend and clergyman." The first, of course; the second I could not comprehend, unless he wanted me to exorcise the demons, and I smiled to myself at the idea as I journeyed along. Years had weakened the vivid impressions of the time. For Harry was right; it had been a terror to me for long. I had had a severe nervous illness immediately afterward, and for some time I could not bear to hear the name of the place.

Dear good Harry met me at the last stage; and as we wound up the zigzag to the Castle, he told me all he had heard from Gwen of the mystery, and detailed his plan, which was very simple. Gwen's father was the youngest of seven brothers, who one after another inherited the Dumberdene, and all died childless, or leaving only daughters. Their father had been a remarkable man—most remarkable; for the force of his character was such, that his directions were religiously and minutely observed after his death by every one of his sons, down to the very youngest, although the latter was but ten years old when left an orphan. They had never called him father, nor could any one of them recall a word of kindness from him. He appeared to have struck awe into their very souls; an awe sufficient to render disobedience to his wishes as impossible when he rested in his grave, and they were themselves gray-headed, as in the days when he was named among them as "the master," and when, as timid lads, they trembled at the sound of his voice. Before any of them could remember, the entrances to the older part of the Castle had been closed and barred. They had never been allowed to approach it, inside or out. Year by year the outer walls had crumbled away; year by year the foliage grew and spread over wall and mountain. Not one of the lads had dared to explore that spot.

And when the old man was dying, he called his seven sons to his side, and he made each one swear in turn that, so long as he lived and reigned at the Dumberdene, never should those barred doors be opened, never should human foot enter that part of the Castle. The oath had in each instance been kept. By degrees the building assumed the appearance of a ruin, though such was the solidity of the structure that, as we had seen, it still resisted the effects of neglect. Gwen had heard of the apparition, though she could not tell when it first made its appearance, nor had she heard any story attached to it. She knew, however, that her father had seen it. He had told her this himself, adding that he believed the cedars and dense foliage had alone concealed it from others. He attached particular importance to the middle tree, which had fallen. He had also told her that the apparition came but once a year—on 26th August. "This," said Harry, "accounts for his trying to prevent us from going out that night, as well as for old Ransley's agitation. He was the only other person in the secret." Further than this Gwen only knew that her grandfather had no hereditary right to the place. His father was a rich Dutch merchant, whose widow had become the second wife of the master of Dumberdene, the last who rightly bore that title. The first wife had left a little son, who died shortly after his father, and the property then fell into the hands of the second wife, the widow of the Dutchman. She had left it to her only son, Gwen's grandfather. He had affected the title of master, but none of his sons had assumed it. Gwen dimly remembered her great-grandmother, who had long survived her son and most of his children—a wild stern woman, wonderfully active, though in extrême old age, with masses of white hair on each side of her face. Gwen had seen her pacing backward and forward on the terrace, regardless of wind or weather, muttering fearfully to herself, sometimes stopping suddenly, throwing up her arms above her head, or stamping her stick on the ground. Gwen was in deadly terror of her. This was all. And Harry's plan was to open one of the doors of communication between the old and the newer part of the house, and closely and attentively to examine the whole place. After that he intended to dismantle it, and either to refurnish it, or, more probably, to pull it down, and devote the space to gardens and lawns.

"I am still persuaded that the living have more to do with the mystery than the dead," said he, in conclusion. "Years back there was probably some story attached to the place; but though my seven step-uncles were frightened enough to obey their father to the last, his wishes are not binding upon me, nor have they, I strongly suspect, been any thing like binding upon the scamps of the neighborhood. It is a clever trick, but I am resolved to get to the bottom of it."

And so he did, poor fellow, but not as he intended.

"But why did you want me 'as clergyman?'" I asked, returning to the point which had puzzled me in his letter.

His color rose as of old; he half laughed.

"Well, Charlie, I dare say you will think it great nonsense, and perhaps, after all, I hardly mean it; but the child, you know. If it *is* a child, he must have Christian burial."

I was considerably startled. I saw that Harry's incredulity was not as perfect as he tried to believe.

Old Ransley and his wife had been left in charge of the house, and Harry and Gwen had come down quite alone, under pretense of seeing what repairs were required before they collected an establishment. They had only arrived that morning, and when we had had some luncheon, as it was still quite early, Harry proposed that we should begin our task at once.

I approach the end of my tale, the horrible end, and courage almost fails me to continue. In broad daylight on that lovely summer day we once more approached the haunted rooms—Harry, Gwen, old Ransley, and myself. We determined to enter by the upper door, that to which I had called Mr. Bandeswyke's attention on our first visit; it appeared less impregnable than the one leading from the hall. Tools were ready, but it was a long job, though Harry was a very giant in strength. At length the bars were sufficiently bent back to enable us to open the door far enough to admit us one by one. We stood in a wide lobby. Harry and I remembered it full well. He boldly led the way with his wife, who was as calm and composed as if in her own drawing-room; for was not Harry with her? We passed through the picture-gallery, where—still hanging from the ceiling, and swinging backward and forward, as they had swung for fourteen years and more—were the pictures we had seen before. There, too, was the one going up and down.

"Only the wind, darling," whispered Harry, as he drew her arm within his own, and hurried her on.

Why did he whisper? and why draw nearer, as if to guard her from harm? She stopped him, pointing to her of the black robes.

"How curious that this one should go up and down, Harry! I suppose it is the draught. That is my great-grandmother. Papa had a miniature copy of that picture."

Voice and manner were so entirely as usual, so unmoved, that I felt wonderfully reassured, and Harry glanced at me with a proud smile which spoke volumes.

We went on to *the* room. No footsteps, no creaking iron, no whispers this time. All was still; it was broad daylight. We found the panel out; probably it had never been moved since our hasty exit fourteen years before. We entered. All was as it had been. The room, low pitched and gloomy, was little less awful in the sunshine than at night. There was an indescribable oppression. We approached first the heap of drapery in the window. It was the body of a young woman. No sign of decay; but the same strange shriveled flesh, the same light brown hue, that we had seen before.

Gwen was now very pale, and Ransley trembled from head to foot. We turned to the bed, and drew back the curtain. There lay the little child; and when we turned the head toward us, there was the same long shiver as before, but, I thanked Heaven, no scream. I could see that Harry dreaded it, by his compressed lips and by his firm hold of the little shoulder. This time the eyes half opened; there was a glimmering light in them; then another long sigh; and it is my firm belief that then, and not till then, the spirit passed away. The body did not fall back into the old position as before. It collapsed, and